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ELGA

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Translated from the German by Mary Harned

THE following scenes, which are written in the year 1896, are founded on a short story of Grillparzers.

SCENE FIRST

High, somber chamber in a monastery, in a niche behind dark curtains an antique bedstead. There is also a large fireplace in the room. The high window is open. Twilight. A KNIGHT who has just dismounted, and his SERVANT carrying his cloak, travelling rugs and harness.

The Knight. I began to think we should have to spend the night in the open; so we have been rather fortunate in coming upon this place.

The Servant. Yes, sire.

The Knight. The room is small, but the bed seems good. We even have a fireplace.

The Servant. The serf, who took the horses on to the village, crossed himself several times when he helped me carry the saddles in here. The blockhead said he thought this room was sometimes haunted.

The Knight. Ha, ha! Are you afraid? Well, in case of need—there are such things as ghosts of flesh and blood—put my pistols near the bed. It is a rather queer looking bed, I must say.

The Servant. Yes, rather queer looking.

The Knight. Indeed, it looks much more like a coffin than a bed. You better push back the curtains. I would much rather the moon shone right in my face, than that I should stifle behind those coal black hangings. Have we still wine?

The Servant. Tomorrow we shall be in Warsaw. We have plenty to last till then. In Warsaw we shall have to buy more.

The Knight. This seems to be an old tower chamber, Peter; the walls are round.

The Servant. Yes, sire! So the serf said. And he said, beside, sire, that the old tower had been here long before the monastery; that the monastery had been added to it and built up round it.

The Knight (pushing aside a frugal luncheon). Clear the table, I have had enough. Leave the cup and tankard here. Now go to bed, Peter, and waken me tomorrow before sunrise. O, Holy Virgin; I wish we were home again! Good night.

(The SERVANT goes out. The KNIGHT sits with his elbows propped up on the round table. Moonlight, growing constantly clearer and brighter, penetrates obliquely through the window. A MONK appears in the doorway, carrying a bundle of brushwood.)

The Monk (in a low voice). Pardon me! *(He goes to the fireplace, puts down his bundle and begins at once to lay the logs and brushwood for a fire.)*

The Knight. Who comes so late? Oh, it is you, worthy father.

The Monk. (gently correcting him). Brother.

The Knight. Worthy brother, then. You see, worthy brother, I do not need your fire, I have opened the window and am enjoying this mild, moonlit night. The fire is not necessary.

The Monk. The nights are cool about here.

The Knight. What did you say, brother?

The Monk (does not answer.)

The Knight (shakes his head wonderingly.)

The Monk (has risen and starts to go out.)

The Knight. Worthy brother, I pray you, give me some information before you go: I believe I am in the waywodeship of Sendomir?

The Monk. Yes.

The Knight. It is a goodly land. Magnificent forests, hills and ravines everywhere. Everything full of blossoms. Fruitful fields. I should like to live here, and here build my cottage, were I a child of this land!—You are cold, dear brother?

The Monk. No. Good night.

The Knight. Stay and drink some wine! It is a fiery Spanish wine, and will warm you. I pray you, drink!

The Monk (declines with a shake of the head.)

The Knight. I pray you, drink! You shall drink out of the cup of my beloved. You shall drink out of pure gold! I pray you, drink with me.

The Monk. I may not offend you, brother. *(He puts the cup to his lips).* I thank you, and now, good night.

The Knight. Stay, brother, you please me! A word more: I am a stranger, ignorant of your country. Tell me, who built your wonderful monastery?

The Monk (looks up gloomily into the eyes of the knight). Why do you ask me this?

The Knight. Why, brother, only because I thought you would know.

The Monk. You know yourself.

The Knight. Why should I ask if I knew?

The Monk. It happens sometimes, that such a thing is done.

The Knight. You are, indeed, a strange holy man, brother. Who founded the monastery? Do tell me! There is more than enough good wine in the tankard; come, drink: we will drink to the health of the noble and godly man who founded it.

The Monk. I thank you, sir.

The Knight. Look you, brother, I drink to the man's health. Why? Founding monasteries goes against the grain with me. It would be contrary to my nature as knight, as horseman and warrior. But I am comfortable here! I am very comfortable here! This is a magnificent place! Blessed be the man to whom I owe this heavenly hour.

The Monk. Are you a German, sir?

The Knight. You have guessed.

The Monk. You have a joyous spirit, dear sir; may God keep you ever thus.

The Knight. It has not always been so, brother. Come, move that chair a little nearer and sit down. Look you, there was a time, when moroseness was my daily bread. I could hardly twist my mouth aright to laugh. Then, see this picture. (*He shows him a miniature which he carries on a slender chain on his breast.*)

The Monk (turning pale). It is your wife?

The Knight. It is my wife and here is my child, brother.

The Monk. A beautiful woman.

The Knight. Yes, brother; and this: a beautiful child.

The Monk. Beware. . . .

The Knight. What do you mean, monk?

The Monk. May the day never come when you will yet found a monastery.

The Knight. What do you imply by that?

The Monk. Let no man build his happiness on wife and child—!

The Knight. — Well, brother, we do not understand each other. You are a monk, very good; I am not. Verily, by God, I am no monk! You live for heaven; I live for earth. And look you, the earth is heavenly beautiful! Hard is iron, grim and cold. Softer than the leaves of a rose is women, fragrant and warm! I love both; I hold both in my arms! But you—you have the cross!

The Monk (shaking as if with fever, whispering). I have the cross!

The Knight. Brother, you tremble. Are you ill?

The Monk. No! Step hither! Do you see, there—in the mist . . . do you see . . . ?

The Knight. Ruins. Fallen walls. To whom did the castle belong?

The Monk. To Count Starschenski. And all that you see, all this goodly land belonged to Count Starschenski.

The Knight. Well, what of it?

The Monk. You ride to Warsaw, ask John Sobieski about him. He had, as you have, a sword and a woman in his arms, and yet, in the end he took the cross alone. Good night.

(Chorus singing is faintly heard.)

The Knight. Are you going so soon?

The Monk. Of course. To mass! To mass for the dead. *(He disappears.)*

(During the song, the KNIGHT throws himself wearily on the bed just as he is. The scene grows darker as he loses consciousness, and grows lighter again over the tableau of a dream, into which, both for him and for the spectator, everything is changed.)

SCENE SECOND

(A beautiful, high-ceiled, pleasant room filled with sunshine. STARSCHENSKI in a rich costume, his two-year-old daughter in his arms. MARINA, his mother, a dignified old woman, sits in a wooden recess, busied with embroidery. The nurse.)

Starschenski. Mother.

Marina. Well?

Starschenski. I am happy!

Marina. Fortunately for me; I am, too.

Starschenski. Ought I not to be happy, if anyone ought to be, mother? —Elga!

The Nurse. Elga, listen, your father speaks. When your father speaks, you must listen, Elga.

Starschenski. Let her alone, nurse. Do not interrupt her, she is doing something very important. I see her. And if I stroke her shining, blue-black hair with my hand *(he does so)* she likes it, and submits patiently. Don't you, Elga?

Little Elga. Atti, att!

The Nurse. She says att; that means father.

Starschenski. Did you say father? Come, daughter, come! You are mine. Yes! You are my daughter! Where is your mother?

The Nurse. My mistress is dressing for the mid-day meal.

Starschenski. She adorns herself for me, mother. *(He gives little ELGA to the nurse.)* There nurse, take her! Wait a minute, nurse!

Little Elga (in the nurse's arms). Atti, atti.

Starschenski. Did we not do well to call her Elga, after her mother? Has she not exactly the same hair? Black hair and blue eyes. Go, nurse! *(The nurse goes out with the child.)*

Starschenski (after a silence). Mother!

Marina. My son?

Starschenski. I am happy!

Marina. Then I am, too.

Starschenski. Did you ever think . . . I mean in the past, when I lived alone with you . . . when I lived alone, afraid of men—that I could ever be so happy?

Marina. No; I never thought you could be. May God preserve your happiness.

Starschenski. Are you anxious about it?

Marina. No. But time does not stand still. If we are not happy, we can but wish to be. Wishing and hoping are good for us. If we are happy, we have, rather, cause to fear.

Starschenski. Little mother, little mother, it is in our blood! To meditate, to brood, to be anxious and worried is in our blood. And you see, her blood flows lightly; that is why I love her so! Pshaw, little mother, don't keep your eyes so glued to your embroidery frame! Look around you, look up! It is spring time out-of-doors! He will put crystal vases full of roses on the table and bring up the oldest wine from the cellar—and Elga will be with us.

Marina (moved). Yes, you love her, you love her, my son!

Starschenski. I love her, mother; you may well say so. But still you know not what you say, when you use those words. Twenty years in a prison, without light, reluctantly gnawing musty bread. The world was nothing more to me, I know not why. I did not understand people when they spoke of flowers, of green woods and golden grain, when they heard a jubilee in the songs of birds and laughter in the blue sky. I felt only serfdom and bondage. Now I can see and am free. She has given me sight and freedom.

(Elga enters quickly.)

Elga. Starschenski!

Starschenski. Elga?

Elga. We must have the horses out and hunt today.

Starschenski. Yes; we shall hunt. But not over the young grain. .

Elga. Over grain, hedges, fences and ditches . . . Look! *(A butterfly has settled on her breast.)*

Starschenski. The spring flutters down on your breast.

Elga. A butterfly.

(Starschenski catches and crushes the butterfly.)

Elga. What are you doing?

Starschenski. Nothing; that place is mine!

Elga. Fool.

Starschenski. Elga!

(They embrace and kiss each other.)

Marina (looking up). Are you two kissing again?

Starschenski. Yes, mother; we are kissing. Do you love me, Elga?

Elga. Today:—Yes!

Starschenski. Will you always love me?

Elga. Always? Always? Some day I shall be dust! But today I am alive. Let me go.

Starschenski. Stay! Stay a minute longer. O, your eyes!

Elga. You hug me too hard.

Starschenski. Too bad! Dear hand!

Elga. Let me go!

Starschenski. Your brothers are coming, did you know it?

Elga. Grischka and Dimitri?

Starschenski. Both!

Elga. Why? What do they want?

Starschenski. Don't you worry about that.

Elga. I am not worrying. But I don't like their coming so continually, and taking money from you.

Starschenski. Perhaps they won't want money this time.

Elga. And if they do want it, they are not to get a penny from you! Promise me that.

Starschenski. I would promise you that and more, if only they were not your brothers.

Elga. Mother, help me! Promise me!

Marina. My son, you ought not to encourage their extravagance. But you, my daughter, they are your brothers!

Elga. You spoil the day for me.

Starschenski. I will do anything.

Elga. And not give them a penny!

Starschenski. No! Just be merry! Be merry when we sit at table with your brothers. We shall feast. We shall put young peach blossoms in our wine and thank God for life.

Marina. Thank God another way, dear children, do not thank God that way.

Starschenski. That way, mother, and no other! When the wine foams and Elga laughs, there is no other paradise, neither in heaven nor on earth.

Marina. Do not blaspheme!

Starschenski. Hold Elga in my arms, mother . . . do that and blas-

pheme? Is not God praised in her? Does not God's incomprehensible creative power excel itself in this creature? Can you name me a fruit on any of the creative gardner's trees, half so wonderful, rounded, sweet and divine as this one? Do I not pray to the Creator in her? Do I not enjoy God himself in her? Who am I, that He has given me you?

Elga. Take good care of me, then!

Starschenski (after short reflection, with earnest determination). I will!

(*DIMITRI and GRISCHKA enter in high spirits.*)

Dimitri. Here we are.

Starschenski. Dimitri and Grischka! Welcome, both of you.

Grischka (kissing Maria's hand). God guard you, gracious lady.

Elga. Did they see you in the court?

Dimitri (after he, too, has kissed MARINA's hand). No. We came in through the garden, through the little gate in the wall, near the watch-tower.

Starschenski. Where are your horses?

Grischka. Old Timoska, the steward, was hanging round there; he took them from us.

Elga. What does Timoska want round the old watch-tower?

Starschenski. I don't know.

Grischka. When we appeared, he seemed frightened.

Marina. He is not alarmed for himself. He is only anxious for his master. He suspects, I know, that you are conspiring with the discontented portion of the nobles against John Sobieski, our King. He, himself, has served under Sobieski, and perhaps thinks that this might end in throwing suspicion on his master.

Starschenski. He is unnecessarily anxious about me, his master. He is old and faithful.

Grischka (laughing). And churlish!

Elga. Who says that he is faithful? But take off your things, dear brothers. How is our cousin?

Dimitri. Oginski is well.

Grischka. He is better than we. He keeps house with the little that our father, as his guardian, laid aside for him. He keeps himself hidden, but otherwise he leads a comfortable enough life.

Starschenski. I am glad of that. You and your comrades among the nobles have conspired from a passion for it and of your own free will. Oginski has become entangled in your opposition for no reason, and is, besides, no hero.

Grischka. No.

Marina. He thought he must do as you do because you are his friends and models.

Dimitri. Yes.

Starschenski. I am glad if all goes quietly and well with him and according to his liking. I hope he may ride forth some night and come visit us.

Dimitri. He is too shy.

Starschenski. Tell him that I beg him to come. He must be stirred up.

Marina (bitterly). Yes, he must be. When I saw him, he was always hugging the walls.

Elga. He is a woman! I don't want to have him here.

Starschenski. You are too hard. He has a gentle spirit that is, perhaps, richer than ours. I hope he will come and warm his feet at my hearth.

Dimitri. Our father often treated him all too unkindly.

Grischka. And most contemptuously.

Elga (hardly). So you say. Father treated him justly!

Marina. Come, Elga, give me your arm.

Elga (heartily, obligingly). Yes, little mother, to the end of the world.

(*MARINA goes out, supported by ELGA.*)

Starschenski. Wine! You are thirsty.

Dimitri. Three hours on old nags, and how we have ridden!

Starschenski. Furiously, as you live.

Grischka. It is not worth while to live tamely and slowly.

Starschenski. It is worth while!

Dimitri. So you say! It is not worth my while.

Grischka. Nor mine.

Dimitri. It seems to me as if we were all running around with a spear broken off in our backs.

Grischka. Yes. On from delirium to delirium, from intoxication to intoxication, so we may not feel it.

Starschenski. You are poor.

Dimitri. You are not?

Starschenski. No.

Dimitri. You do not feel the poisoned wound in which the spear sticks?

(*A servant has brought in carafes with wine, placed glasses on the table and poured out the wine.*)

Starschenski (raising his glass). Drink! You have said: I do not feel it. I did think as you do, and where you sought delirium, I sought death. I sought it in Sobieski's battles—and I buried myself in stillness, like Cousin Oginski. I was a fool. I do not feel the spear and the boring wound. (*He touches his glass to theirs.*) There is happiness!

Grischka. Do you think so?

Starschenski. Yes; there is happiness.

Dimitri. Where?

Starschenski. Sit down. There is happiness in women.

(*DIMITRI and GRISCHKA laugh loudly.*)

Starschenski. You laugh? What are you laughing at?

Dimitri. At what you said.

Starschenski. Do you know it to be otherwise?

Grischka (laughing). I should think so. As far as I am concerned all women have grown stale.

Starschenski. All?

Dimitri. All, one after another, as I have enjoyed them.

Starschenski. Perhaps. All are stale but one.

Dimitri. Oho! And she is?

Starschenski. She!

Grischka (after a short silence). Brother, you are a marvel of a man! After almost three years of married life you speak like this.

Starschenski. Yes; I still speak like this.

Dimitri. And not a word of satiety?

Starschenski. Not a word of it! Listen to me: that rainy night, four years ago, when I was walking through the streets of Warsaw, and she appeared before me for the first time . . .

Dimitri. Hard times, those, for father and sister.

Grischka. Bad times.

Starschenski. Bad for them, but not for me.

Grischka. Curse the pack of hounds, who hunted my father into misery.

Dimitri. Damn the serfs and cowardly bailiffs who made beggars of father and sister.

Starschenski. Yes; she was wretched; she looked like a beggar, as she ran after me and implored help . . . but no more of that! As soon as I entered the room with her . . .

Dimitri. Yes, the room where, sick unto death, tossing on the straw, his head pillowed on a saddle, our poor father still awaited his end like a hero.

Starschenski. I saw only her! The candle flickered up, but I saw only her! And since that hour, in every waking minute of the long years . . . I have seen only her! (*More and more abstractedly.*) She transforms the universe for me! She is the universe to me! I see only her!

Dimitri (after some hesitation, craftily). Brother!

Starschenski. Speak! Tell me what you want.

Dimitri. You have done much for us.

Starschenski. Nothing! It is nothing! Whatever I can do for you is nothing.

Grischka. No, you have done much for us. Our debt of gratitude is too great, we shall never be able to repay it; bitter enough is it to have to heap it up still greater! In the meantime we are in the conflict. We are fighting for the freedom and honor of the class to which we belong. In so doing we serve also the cause of the people.

Starschenski. I don't.

Grischka. Do as you like about that. We do not begrudge you any of your good fortune. We, however, have no home. Our enemies give us no peace. Without money, no assured rest is ours be it never so short.

Starschenski. Ask for all you want.

Dimitri. A thousand gold guldens.

Starschenski. You shall have them; but keep your finger on your lips.

(*The old STEWARD enters.*)

Starschenski. What do you want, Timoska?

The Steward. I disturb you. I will come some other time.

Starschenski. Come here, Timoska.—Pardon me—I have had to form the habit of managing my estate seriously. There are considerably over a hundred horses in my fields. More than five hundred peasants are at work there.

Dimitri. You are a model landlord.

Starschenski. Now give me your report, Timoska! You see he is my right hand. We two wander all day long through my fields, forests and dairy-farms.

Grischka. The eye of the master makes the cow fat.

Dimitri. And the serf lean, that's true.

Starschenski. It is all the same. It does one good to fulfil a duty. One is more joyous at meals after work done. And Elga will laugh!

Grischka. Yes, she laughs almost too much. But, by the way, Dimitri, let's go to her!

(*Both bow slightly and go out.*)

Starschenski. What have you to grumble about, old man? Speak frankly.

The Steward. It is exasperating, sire.

Starschenski. What?

The Steward. The blond serf has broken the shafts of the carriage to pieces.

Starschenski. Have new ones made.—Is there nothing more?

The Steward. It is exasperating, sire.

Starschenski. Hm!—Something more?

The Steward. Yes, sire, something more.

Starschenski. Is the wheat in the loft molded?

The Steward. No.

Starschenski. Well, must one pull the words out of you with pin-cers?—Did the big thunderstorm do much damage?

The Steward. No.

Starschenski. Has a marten gotten into the dovecote or what?

The Steward. It is exasperating, sire! I am glad that you no longer sit discontentedly in the dark and brood. I am glad that we have a young mistress, and that you cradle a little daughter on your knee . . .

Starschenski (impatiently). Well, and what are you not glad for?

The Steward. That you have so much to do with Pan Dimitri and Pan Grischka.

Starschenski. Little enough in the last year, it seems to me.

The Steward. It may cost you wealth and happiness—

Starschenski. Listen, you grayhead: you are old and faithful therefor, I pardon you. I shall even talk with you about it. Pan Grischka and Pan Dimitri may do what they will. I can not be guardian of their souls. As for me, I am loyal to the King and cultivate my land. But now tell me what made you speak of this?

The Steward. They come too often.

Starschenski. Who come too often?

The Steward. Pan Dimitri and Pan Grischka.—The peasants in the village know of it.

Starschenski. It is nine months since they were last here.

The Steward. The peasants know otherwise.

Starschenski. Then they are blockheads!

The Steward. Sire,—I have seen it with these eyes . . .

Starschenski. What have you seen?

The Steward. How the secret messenger comes and goes at night.

Starschenski (amazed and astonished). A secret messenger comes and goes? Whence does he come? Where does he go?

The Steward. Through the same little gate.

Starschenski. Back there in the garden? Near the old tower?

The Steward. Where Pan Grischka and Pan Dimitri came in today.

Starschenski. Who has the key to the little gate and to the tower?

The Steward. Pani Elga.

Starschenski. To the devil with you!! Go! What is this nonsense you are chattering—

(*The STEWARD goes after making a profound bow.*)

Elga's voice. Starschenski, my falcon, come!

Starschenski (stands abstractedly.)

Elga (enters). Don't you hear me, I am calling you?

Starschenski (awakening). Did you call me?

Elga. How? What? Were you dreaming?

Starschenski (with a deep-drawn sigh). Bad dreams!—

Elga. You dreamed bad dreams? What did you dream, poor sleep-walker.

Starschenski. Kiss me!

Elga (kissing him passionately). There! there! and there! Do you want still more?

Starschenski. Look at me.

Elga. Well? — (*looks him straight and full in the eyes.*) What is it?—

Starschenski (after he has looked at her long and searchingly). Nothing!

Elga. What is the matter with you?

Starschenski (relieved). Nothing! It is well. (*He kisses her on the forehead.*)

SCENE THIRD

The scene changes into a bedroom.

ELGA is busied in front of her dressing-table.

The NURSE with the sleeping CHILD in her arms, is near her.

It is about eleven o'clock at night.

Elga. Go, nurse, go carefully and take the child with you. And you and she are not to sleep in the next room, tonight. Dortka will help you carry the cradle into the yellow room. I am frightfully tired and do not want to be disturbed tonight.

The Nurse. Oh, indeed it is not necessary, my lady. I know her. I know beforehand, when she is going to be restless. Tonight, all night long, she will lie in her little bed as quiet and still as a little fish.

Elga. Do what I say, just the same.

The Nurse. Of course I will. Why else am I an obedient servant? She is waking. Come little monkey, come. You make such big eyes. See what pretty things the dear mother is putting on. A little star on her breast! Pretty little shining red stones in her ears.

Elga (absorbed in her mirror). What, you are still there! Go! Go away at once.

(The NURSE goes out with the CHILD.)

Elga (sings to herself).

I am a wild bird
And fare afar.
I am a white falcon,
A swan-white hawk!
I sail under the sun
And over my shadow:
Far under me my shadow,
My shadow fares with me.

Who's there? Dortka is that you?

DORTKA, *her maid, enters.*)

Dortka. Yes, my lady.

Elga. Has the count ridden away?

Dortka. Yes, my lady. He has gone. I heard him say to the steward: I have so much to attend to, I shall stay over night in the city.

Elga Mounts his horse, rides away and does not even say good-night to me (*Carelessly.*) Well, so be it!

Dortka. I heard him give the steward greetings for you.

Elga. Timoska?

Dortka. Yes.

Elga. Timoska, love's messenger too.

Dortka. A shaky one, though.

Elga. I have hung rubies in my ears, do they look well?

Dortka. You did not need them. You have them on your lips.

Elga. Ah, aha! Poetry!—Do you make poems, too, Dortka?

Dortka. No. Or at least not good ones. Pan Oginski makes better ones.

Elga. How do you know that he does?

Dortka. Did you not read me one of his poems, only a little while ago?

Elga. Which?

Dortka. It was about a falcon, or something of that kind.

Elga. Is it not beautiful?—Listen!—

Dortka. It is nothing. Did you hear anything?

Elga. It seemed to me the garden gate creaked.

Dortka. It does not creak. I put oil on the iron rings, myself.

Elga. Is mother in bed?

Dortka. Yes.

Elga. Pani Marina is good and quiet. She has peace. My mother was not like that. But she was very beautiful.

Dortka. As beautiful as you?

Elga. Oh, Dortka, I am nothing to her! My mother was so beautiful. Within a circle of a hundred miles she was called 'the beautiful one' by the people.—Once I saw something horrible, Dortka. We had a serf, he often carried me on his shoulder—oh often! often . . . His bones were like a mammoth's bones, but his soul was like that of a little singing bird.—One morning, he hanged himself at my mother's door.

Dortka. The fool! How dared he lift his eyes so high?

Elga. Do you feel like this, too, Dortka?

Dortka. How?

Elga. As if, in the evening, something of the dream of the night before came back to you. It is gone all day long, then suddenly, some-

thing of it floats past your soul.

Dortka. Did you know that you screamed out last night?

Elga. No.

Dortka. It was a shrill, ear-piercing scream, which wakened me, it was so strange, not at all like you.

Elga. Do not dream! Whatever you do, do not dream! I saw something black, lights, a dead man, I think, one often sees dead bodies in dreams.

Dortka. That means good luck!

Elga. It is so light, tonight, Dortka! The moon shines so fearfully bright. It is almost as light as day.

Dortka. But the big chestnuts have their leaves, now, and there are shadows. In the winter it is much worse.

Elga. The trees all have their leaves and blossoms, not only the chestnuts. How sweet the perfume of the lilacs is! Ah Dortka! Dortka!

Dortka. Well my lady?

Elga. I love him so.

Dortka. God knows you love him.

Elga (suddenly, hastily). But do you know: He must not come! Go, tell him . . . go quickly and tell him so! Go, Dortka: He must not come.

Dortka. What is the matter with you, today? Why do you tremble so? Why are you afraid? There is deepest stillness everywhere. And is today the first time, my lady? Do I not know how you have cursed the minutes, because they slipped by too slowly until today? Everything has happened just as it should; the master is in Warsaw! Then what are you afraid of?

Elga. What did I say?

Dortka. You said he must not come.

Elga. Go, Dortka, run as quick as you can . . .

Dortka. He is not to come?

Elga. Are you out of your senses? — Dortka.

Dortka. What?

Elga. I heard hoof-beats!

Dortka. Someone is galloping away. It must be the steward. His horse stood in the stall, saddled, when I was over there just now, to take the brandy to the serfs and maids.

Elga. Do you trust the steward?

Dortka. No. But old Timoska is deaf and blind, he has no teeth and no fists. He neither hears nor sees; bites nor strikes.

Elga (amused, then frightened). But look; there is a light . . . there is a light over there.

Dortka. So there is; there is a light in the old watch-tower.

Elga. Quick, give me my sheep-skin cloak.

Dortka. Are you going over there?

Elga. What else?

Dortka. He ought not to make a light.

(OGINSKI comes in.)

Elga. How did you come here?

Oginski. Our little postern stood open.

Dortka. I left it standing open as a precaution.

Oginski. There, take this.—

(*He gives DORTKA money, she goes out.* OGINSKI and ELGA fly into each other's arms.)

Elga. Why have you not been to see me for so long?

Oginski. I do not know. I have been walking along lonely field paths, and through the forest ravines, always alone, quite alone; and yet I was with you.

Elga. What good did that do me? When you are away, you are away from me. When you are away and you say that still you are with me, you are, none the less, not with me.

Oginski. Well then, come, come with me! Why do you stay here? Why do you not follow me?

Elga. Stuff and nonsense! Kiss me!

Oginski (*kisses her passionately. Then more urgently*). Why do you not follow me?

Elga. Whither?

Oginski. You know I have inherited a little money from Governor von Laschek. We can go to a foreign country. We could be happy.

Elga. Shall I have to wash shirts and stockings?

Oginski. I shall work for you. I will break myself of the habit of sleep and work day and night for you.

Elga (*holds up her mouth to him*). No, no, my friend, nothing would come of that.

Oginski. Then you do not love me.

Elga (*shakes her head with a provoking smile*).

Oginski. Then let us put an end to everything!

Elga.—*Oginski!*

Oginski. Oh, nothing will come of it! Nothing will really come of it! You do not love me; you love Starschenski! He is your husband Good! So be it!

Elga. I do not love Starschenski!!

Oginski. But neither do you love me. They have told me, Elga; your days are spent laughing and rejoicing when I am away. You are merry and dance. You are never tired of dancing, they say, and every

fête is too short for you.—Elga! Elga, don't weep.

(*He kisses the tears from her eyes.*)

Elga. Oh . . . don't . . . It is nothing!— — —Starschenski is going to invite you to visit us here, at the castle, did you know it?

Oginski. No.

Elga. Will you come?

Oginski (seriously and resolutely). I shall come, if he invites me.

Elga. He will invite you. — My brothers have been here.

Oginski. They want money of him?

Elga. I do not know. But I told him what you bade me to; that their undertakings are foolish and their extravagance is senseless. He promised me not to give them another penny.—(*With a chuckle.*) It was droll!

Oginski. What?

Elga. They spoke of you.

Oginski. How did they speak of me?

Elga. Compassionately.

Oginski. They are clowns.

Elga. One might have thought that you were a poor, hungry sheen and they, two lions.

Oginski. I am not a lion.

Elga. It sounded as if they had had you in leading-strings, all this time.

Oginski. And Starschenski; did he believe them?

Elga (laughing). He will bid you here as his guest out of pure compassion.

Oginski. And, in spite of that, I shall come!

Elga. No, don't.

Oginski. Why not?

Elga (conscience smitten). I shall be worse than ever, if you come.—(*DORTKA rushes in.*)

Dortka. Away, away, Pan Oginski! They are searching the garden.

Oginski. Who?

Dortka. They have seen the light in the watch-tower.

(*OGINSKI leaps out of the window.*)

Elga. Lock the little gate.

(*DORTKA runs out. ELGA, alone, hastens, to the window, then to the door. Suddenly DORTKA screams out-side, and still screaming, is led in by STARSCHENSKI.*)

Starschenski. Confess!

Dortka. What shall I confess?

Starschenski. Confess, hussy! And woe be to you! A lie were your

death.

Elga (suddenly and vehemently). What do you want of her, and what has she done?

Starschenski. That is just what I want to know from her! Confess, hussy! Where is the man? Who was the man? Timoska! Come in! Don't be afraid: I command you to! Who was the man? He stole through the little gate. We both saw him plainly. I saw him and the steward saw him too.

Elga. The steward! The steward! and always the steward! Your steward may look after the serfs and women! His mistress's domain does not concern him in the least! Or, perhaps you placed your steward in charge of the stables and you wife at the same time?

Starschenski. Elga!

Elga. What do you want?

Starschenski. I do not want you.

Elga. Mother and the child are both asleep, why do you come, make such a senseless noise and bring the whole castle running in here?

Starschenski. I will not have strumpets in the house! I will not have them offer refuge in my house to the enemies of the King. My shield is clean, and my house shall be clean: not a hole for thieves and shelter for the rabble. For that reason, confess, hussy, or out you go! And, steward, the dogs go after her!

Elga (with mad energy). She is my maid. You shall not do it.

Starschenski. What shall I not do?

Elga. You shall never drive her away from here!

Starschenski. That I shall, as God be . . .

Elga. Never! or else you drive her and me together.—Rather will I live in poverty, than become the slavish servant of your serf. Dismiss the steward.

Starschenski. Elga . . .

Elga. Let me alone!

Starschenski. Come to yourself!

Elga. Then don't exasperate me any more!—Dortka, come here! *(She pulls DORTKA out of STARSCHENSKI's grasp.)* And go in there!

DORTKA goes out under ELGA's protection, weeping.)

Elga (more quietly and with determination). Dortka belongs to me. I am her judge.—If you want to hurt me still further, wait until morning. Until then, at least, grant me a little sleep and rest for my limbs.

(She goes after DORTKA and is heard locking the door from within.)

(The STEWARD to STARSCHENSKI, who stands motionless, lost in thought). Pan Starschenski!—Pan Starschenski!—Will you not go and rest, Pan Starschenski?

SCENE FOURTH

The dining-room in STARSCHENSKI's castle shortly before sunrise. In an arm-chair, in front of one of the high windows, STARSCHENSKI sits brooding, still dressed as on the evening before.

Two servants, not noticing STARSCHENSKI, are about to put the room in order.

First Servant. What happened last night, anyhow?

Second Servant. I was asleep.

First Servant. The master made such a noise and the steward was up all night.

Second Servant (notices STARSCHENSKI). Sh! What is that?

First Servant. Saint Ambrose of Cracow!

Second Servant. It is the master.

Starschenski (becoming aware of them). What do you want?

First Servant. To sweep the room, sire, and set the table for breakfast.

Starschenski. Hm, well, go ahead! You there!

First Servant. At your service, your Grace.

Starschenski. Tell the steward to come here.

(The SERVANT goes out. STARSCHENSKI sinks back into his brooding. The STEWARD comes in.)

The Steward (standing where he will attract attention, cautiously)
Sire . . . You sent for me, sire.

Starschenski (looks up at him strangely). Yes.—Hm.

The Steward. You told the servant to call me, sire.

Starschenski. Yes, so I did! The steward!—Come here, Timoska! —*(He siezes his hand.)* What was I going to say, Timoska? Oh yes: I wish to go to Warsaw!

The Steward. At your service, sire. I will have the harness put on the gray horse.

Starschenski. Go! — — Are you there, steward.

The Steward. Yes, sire.

Starschenski. Send for a physician.

The Steward. Are you ill, sire?

Starschenski. I believe so. Yes, I think that I am ill. I am cold. Bring me my fur.

The Steward. You ought to lie down again, Pan, you ought to go to bed.

Starschenski (while they are putting his fur around him). I wish to go to Warsaw.

The Steward (aside to the servants). Make a fire in the fire-place, so that the room may be warm. The master is cold, hurry up. And have

the samovar brought, have hot tea for the Pan, at once.

Starschenski. Bring tea! Yes, certainly! This fur feels good!—
Why am I here? Haven't I been to bed at all?

The Steward. No, sire.

Starschenski. Why not? — — —Go.—(*The STEWARD goes out.*)

(*STARSCHEMSKI has risen, and now walks restlessly up and down, still brooding. A SERVANT brings the samovar, pours out the tea and STARSCHEMSKI drinks.*)

Starschenski (after he has drunk). Waken Pani Marina, tell her I sent for her.

First Servant. Pani Marina is coming from service. (*Marina comes in.*)

Starschenski (with forced unconcern). Good morning, mother.

Marina. God's blessing on you, my son.

Starschenski. Yes, God's blessing. Come, sit down. Sit down and drink some tea. We will sit here together. Bring light. We will have it bright here. Bring light! Well, mother. It is a long time since we have eaten together alone, like this.

Marina. It is a long time, my dear son. It is not my fault. I never come late to matins. You, however, go to bed late and get out of bed late. It is not my fault.

Starschenski. I know.

Marina. It is more your fault, dear son. But, you look pale. What is the matter with you?

Starschenski. Nothing.—How long is it since we have eaten breakfast alone this way, mother? How long is it?

Marina. Nearly two years.

Starschenski. It is possible to go up a ladder and to come down again. Is it not?

Marina. Yes, I think so, dear son. Why do you ask?

Starschenski. Because, there is a ladder which it is only possible to go up, mother. I climbed very high on this ladder. I no longer saw the earth. He who would go back now must be dashed to pieces.

Marina. Why? We are all in God's hands!

Starschenski. You ask why? Going up, one steps on rungs of ivory, going down, they are changed into glowing iron.

Marina. In that case, it would be impossible not to fall.

Starschenski. Yes! Fall and lie, dashed to pieces, beneath it, mother.

Marina. What strange kind of a Jacob's ladder is this, you are talking of?

Starschenski (groans aloud). I could not live as I lived before! I could not live underneath there!— —

Marina. — — You are strange, today!—Come! I may not ask you

what your sorrow is, but trust in God! See, the sun is just rising behind your fields. Hear the birds in your garden praise God and the spring above the grain. Fill your heart with the new morning, pluck up your courage, my son!—Or are you ill?

Starschenski. They praise God and they praise the spring, mother. It is a jubilee, which may become a hellish mockery to us. I could never live down there, again!

Marina. What do you mean?

Starschenski. Look you, mother; not all who see the spring, see the spring. Many believe they see the spring and do not see it. I shall not make this clear to you. Here lies the secret of life! I know, of course, this sounds confused to you . . . and God elects, oh, how few! No one knows how to talk of the miracle of spring, who does not know this . . . who has not experienced this, mother! He alone, he who knows, and has experienced this, he alone hears God laugh.—(ELGA is heard laughing loudly and merrily in the next room. STARSCHENSKI turns pale, rises and puts his hand to his heart.) Mother . . .

Marina. You are seriously ill, my son. We must send for a physician at once. At once! You are feverish! It looks as if a fever were coming on!

Starschenski. No physician can help here! Do not worry, it is nothing.—It was Elga, who laughed, wasn't it? Yes, little mother, it is as I said. It is just so! And it is not otherwise! Bear it, mother, and be reconciled to it.

(ELGA comes in quite unconcerned, full to the brim and running over with life's freshness).

Elga. Good morning, my falcon.—Well?—

Marina. Your husband is not well, Elga.

Elga. Not well? Let's see: Can't his wife make him well? Being sick is ugly. Fie! A sick man, an ugly man!—(She sits on his knee and kisses him.) Now? Was I not right?—There, now are you not well?

Starschenski. Elga!—

(He breaks into suppressed, nervous sobs.)

Elga. O! O! Dear me! What does this mean? Starschenski, the hero! Heigh-ho, your Grace! Is the hero going to weep? The strong man weep, weep tears about nothing? Hot, salt tears. Why?—Pluck up your courage, put strength into your limbs, and then away with me: in the carriage, on horse-back, through the woods, into the fields! A man must be hale and strong! Not weak-spirited and feeble! (As STARSCHENSKI embraces her ardently). That's it! That's it. Now life comes back into him. Yes, hug me, kiss me! Take life from me, I have enough for two.

Starschenski (altered) Oh, mother, set your eyes on this creature,

is she not beautiful? Beautiful and mine!

Elga. Water renews youth! Water freshenes and beautifies! I have had a swim in the lake. Do as I have done. Everything sick will then be washed away from your soul.

Starschenski. Stay mother! I am free and well again.

Marina. I am free and well too, when you are. Yet let me go, now. I want to go to the baby. She must see me when she wakens. She is accustomed to it.

Starschenski. Give little Elga a morning kiss for me. (*MARINA nods and goes out.*)

Elga (has risen and now stands in front of Starschenski). Is my dress becoming?

Starschenski. I love you so much! . . .

Elga. She swore it was the latest thing from Paris.

Starschenski (embraces her again). I love you so! I could kill you, I love you so!

Elga (with slight impatience). You hug me too hard, again.

Starschenski (holds her in both arms). You are my property! My property! You are my precious property! You are like a pitcher! There is no second vessel in the wide world so precious as you, though it were cut from onyx or jasper. Out of it the most delicious wines are drunk. It is never empty. (*He kisses her.*)

Elga (freeing herself). Dortka is coming.

(*DORTKA enters, a little timidly. She places a large bunch of violets on the table, and keeps a smaller one in her hand.*)

Elga. That is right. Come hither. — Well . . . ? Put it in the master's buttonhole! — Well . . . ?

Dortka (kneels before STARSCHENSKI and kisses his hand). Your pardon, sire!

Starschenski (accepts the small bunch of violets). Stand up, it is all right. (*The STEWARD comes in.*)

The Steward. The carriage is at the door, sire.

Starschenski. A carriage? What carriage, Timoska?

The Steward. You wished to go to Warsaw, sire.

Elga. You wished to go to Warsaw?

Starschenski. I no longer wish to go.

Elga (pulls TIMOSKA by the ear). You are an old blockhead, Timoska! Do you understand me? You are a hypocrite! You were young once, yourself! Do you begrudge the girl her bit of sin? — Well let the horses stand; the master and I will drive. Come, Dortka, put my cloak around me. (*She goes out, DORTKA follows her.*)

Starschenski (nods to ELGA as she goes out. Left alone, now, with the STEWARD, he walks up and down several times, then stands still and turns

ungraciously to TIMOSKA). Why are you still standing there?

The Steward. Sire . . .

Starschenski. You have served me ill with your foolishness.

The Steward. Punish me, Pan!

Starschenski. I ought to punish you, yes, you are right! You have made me ridiculous! Am I, the master, to spy into the love affairs of serfs and ladies' maids?

The Steward. No, sire.

Starschenski. Well then! I know, at bottom, your intention was good. But for the future, you must not annoy me any more about such foolish matters. Do you hear me?

The Steward. I hear you.—Shall we sow the oats, today, sire?

Starschenski. Do what seems good to you.

(*The STEWARD goes out. The NURSE comes in with little ELGA in her arms.*)

Starschenski. Come right in.

The Nurse. We are looking for her mother.

Starschenski. Little Elga will be contented with her father, instead.—
(*He takes her in his arms.*) There! — What has she in her hand?

Little Elga. Atti, atti!

The Nurse. Atti, atti: that means father.

Starschenski. What has she in her hand, nurse?

The Nurse. It is my mistress's jewel box, your Grace. She will not give it up. (*MARINA enters.*)

Starschenski. See, mother, what a very pretty plaything Elga has.

Marina. Oh, this is where you disappeared to! I might have looked . . .

Starschenski. Little Elga is rich. There, take her, mother! — (*He puts her in her mother's arms.*)

Marina. She has a bridal casket.

Starschenski (*momentarily gloomy.*) I will never give little Elga to any man.

(*Little ELGA lets the little box fall from her hand.*)

Marina. Pick it up, nurse, quick.

Starschenski (*gayly.*) The bridal casket is broken! — (*He picks up the little box, looks in, runs his finger through the contents, suddenly he discovers something and takes it out.*) Oho, what is this?

Marina. What have you there? What was in the box?

Starschenski (*livid.*) There is nothing in it.

Marina. What is the matter with you, now?—

(*She gives the CHILD to the NURSE, who starts to take her away.*)

Starschenski. Stay a minute, nurse! Stand over there with the child! And now stand still.

He compares a small portrait in a locket which he holds in the hollow of his hand, with the child's features).

Marina. What are you doing?

Starschenski. Come and see! — Do you know this portrait?

Marina. No.

Starschenski. The man whose features it reproduces?

Marina. I do not know him, my son.

Starschenski. Just compare.

Marina. What shall I compare?

Starschenski. Little Elga's eyes and — these eyes! Little Elga's brows and — these brows! Little Elga's hair and — this hair! Her chin, her mouth — and this mouth! You know the man?

Marina. No. Yes. Perhaps. Perhaps it is Cousin Oginski.

Starschenski (frightfully changed, almost stammering). Yes, of course! — Well . . . what . . . ? . . . Oh, let me alone! . . . It . . . it will soon be over. — Yes indeed, it is Oginski! — Now I know him! Cousin and beggar and cowardly sneak! Bad, crawling, stinking dog! Let me be . . . Let me be . . . I think you had better send for a physician . . . someone is strangling me . . .

Marina. Oh, God in heaven!

Starschenski (controlling himself with great effort, half deliriously): Be calm, mother, calm, come, sit down here. Tell me about it. I beg you: you know more than I! You knew Governor von Laschek. What is there about this Cousin Oginski? What does she want with a picture of Cousin Oginski?

Marina. First you must be quiet. Control yourself, the nurse is here with the child.

Starschenski. What is the child to me? Away! Out of here! — *(The NURSE takes the CHILD away).*—O, mother, pray! Bind me fast! O, Jesus Christ, or I shall murder my child.

Marina. May God, in his mercy, help you, my son! What is the matter with you? What has happened to you?

Starschenski (his voice dry, and trembling). I must have fever, as you said, but, don't bother about it, it seems to be over now. Yet stay, mother: there is one thing I must know — you see, so that my inner vision may be clear. Tell me about Cousin Oginski.

Marina. What shall I tell you? You know about him. He lived with the old governor. He was brought up with Elga. I know no more.

Starschenski (rises, pulls the bell). You do not know any more. — But I must know more! All! ! I must know all, now. *(The STEWARD enters.)* I am going to Warsaw, as I had arranged. *(The STEWARD goes out. To his mother).* Farewell! *(STARSCHENSKI hurries out).*

(MARINA looks after her son, shaking her head. ELGA comes in

ready for the drive).

Elga. I am ready. — Where is the count?

Marina. He has gone to Warsaw, my little one.

Elga (surprised). He has? Why?

SCENE FIFTH

(A room in the castle. Evening. MARINA sits near the light at her embroidery frame. ELGA walks slowly up and down).

Elga. I don't understand what he can be doing in Warsaw. This makes the third day.

Marina. Neither do I.

Elga. Nor why he has taken the steward with him.

Marina. Yes, that is not good either. The peasants come here and ask about the work. I do not know what answer to give them.

Elga. It is so frightfully tiresome, too. Do you know, mother, I am so easily bored. I fear ennui, it seems to be a huge, horrible monster with sleepy eyes and slobbery mouth. Ugh!

Marina. I am never bored, my child.

Elga. I can not comprehend that.

Marina. You see, we never lived as you did. My father was severe. At home, I always did what I had to, never what I wanted to. I had to climb three fences after a little bit of down that had flown away. Therefore, the day was always too short for me. You did, at home, what you wanted to — and mostly you wanted to do nothing: and so you were bored.

Elga. That is true! But, what use is it to want to do things, mother?

Marina. One ought to, because one ought to.

Elga. I don't understand. Several times, I have with difficulty, climbed steep mountains. Something enticed me up . . . I wanted to be nearer the sun, the sky, or the dear God. I don't know just what! But this much I do know, if I had not wanted to go, I should certainly have remained at the bottom. I climb* a mountain, not because I ought to, but because ennui drove me to it.

Marina. You Lascheks are a different race; self-willed, easy going, always ready to hazard everthing. — That is why you lost everthing.

Elga. And won it again.

Marina. You, perhaps.

Elga. Certainly, I did!

Marina. And may lose it again.

Elga. Yes, of course! Up and down, always up and down, goes the

*This change of tense follows the original. The punctuation, also, where it is unusual, yet appears to be an intentional mark of the Author, we retain.—The Editors.

road, and it winds too. It is better so, than always in the straight line and on the level ground. The beast ennui is stiff, like a crocodile; it is hard for him to follow up and down hills. It is hard for him to turn too.

Marina (*looking up anxiously from her work.*) Have you, then, no liking at all for quiet happiness?

Elga. Little.

Marina. Anyone who lives like that, lives constantly in great danger.

Elga. That is just it. That is just what makes life worth while for me. Death walks by one's side, almost visibly; and hunts one deeper and deeper into life; here cold, there hot, here horror, there happiness.

Marina. Don't talk so, for God's sake! Who talks like that of death?

Elga. I am on very good terms with him, better than you give me credit for. He does not weigh on my spirits half so much as on yours. The days when I stood by my father's sick-bed, without bread, without money, in a hovel in Warsaw, I called to him and learned to know him. And do you know what he taught me, mother? He taught me to laugh! He taught me after a wholly strange fashion, to laugh at many of the serious things of life. — But what nonsense! I am glad to live, now anyhow! — If only Starschenski would come home.

Marina. Here is Timoska. (*The STEWARD has entered.*)

The Steward (*to MARINA.*) Good evening, my lady.

Marina. Where is your master?

The Steward. He sent me on ahead, my lady. I am to give you his orders, my lady!

Marina. What orders are you to give? Get your breath first.

The Steward. A guest comes with the master. They are hungry and thirsty. I am to give the order that the table shall be set for them.

Marina. God be praised, if there is nothing worse than that! Did you have to frighten us so for that?

Elga. Who is the guest?

The Steward (*watching her stealthily.*) I do not know him.

Elga. Who can it be, mother?

Marina. Just what I was going to ask you. This has never been his custom. But the guest is welcome, if he be cheerful. He may liven up the hours for us all. (*The STEWARD goes out.*)

Marina. A carriage is driving up. They are here now. I recognize my son's step.

Elga (*turning pale.*) You recognize your son's step?

Marina. You go and meet him, I will await him here.

Elga. No, little mother, you go.

(*MARINA goes out to meet her son, DORTKA enters excitedly from the other side.*)

Dortka (with a suppressed outbreak of delight.) Who is coming, my lady? Who is coming with his grace, the count, coming up the stairs?

Elga. Hush! I know!

Starschenski's voice (still on the stairway.) Elga, my little dove!

Elga. Go away! He must not see you here.

(Exit DORTKA. STARSCHENSKI enters.)

Starschenski (changed, noticeably excited by drink and passion.) Good evening, my little dove.

Elga. You have been away a long time.

Starschenski. Yes. But don't scold me: I have brought something with me for you.

Elga. What have you brought with you for me?

Starschenski. Guess!

Elga. The silk shirts, that I asked you for?

Starschenski. Yes. The silk shirts are down in the carriage. I hunted for the very finest. But, before you get them, I have brought still more with me, something else. Guess!

Elga. I did not ask you for anything else. I can't guess.

Starschenski. I have brought Cousin Oginski back with me for you!—?

Elga (laughing apparently incredulously, strikes him lightly on the cheek.) Oh pshaw! You idiot that you are!

Starschenski (uncertain.) Are you not glad?

Elga. What should I be glad for? Am I to be glad for Cousin Oginski?

Starschenski. For Cousin Oginski!

Elga. Did I not tell you what I thought of him? But now that he is here, if you are not jesting; what am I to do about it? He may be here or not, I can not change it.

Starschenski. Come in, dear Cousin! Don't hug the walls. *(OGINSKI comes in.)*

Oginski. When did I ever do so? It pleases your Grace to jest! — Your servant, gracious countess.

Elga. Good evening, cousin!

Starschenski. Pardon me, Pan Oginski. I don't know why I said that. This is an old manor-house. And the walls, especially on the stairways, are always damp, slimy and poisonous. I should be sorry for your fine new coat.—Come, sit down, be my guest and my friend!—How have things gone with you, my little dove, since I have been away? Have you pined for me? She pines so for me, Pan Oginski. She keeps me firmly tied by the leg, as a child does its finch. If I go out into the fields half a verst, she pines to have me back. Don't you, my littel dove?

Elga. You are talking nonsense, Starschenski.

Starschenski. Indeed? Am I talking nonsense? Can it really be? We were a little wild in Warsaw, we two. Were we not, Oginski? But we have become friends!

Elga. Listen to me! You are not to drink any more wine, this evening.

Starschenski. Why not?

Elga. You are not to drink any more, this evening, do you hear?

Starschenski (*putting his arm around ELGA.*) Is she not beautiful, Oginski?

Elga. Let me go!

Starschenski. Is not her mouth as sweet and tender as the mouth of a sucking babe . . .

Elga. You must let me go!

Starschenski. . . . and pure, not yet weaned from the mother's breast? It is a dangerous mouth! See how the corners of this dangerous mouth quiver, Oginski! Travel through Poland and Russia, through all the towns, steppes and forests of Asia and you will find no mouth like this one, not one so seductive.

Elga. Let me go! Pardon him, cousin!—You are drunk!

(*She goes out.*)

Oginski. You are not kind to your wife.

Starschenski. No!

Oginski. You should be kinder to your wife.

Starschenski. I should chastise my wife with a rod!

Oginski. Hm.—Why am I here?—People have told me many things about you. From time to time, Elga's brothers have spoken of you: I thought you were a nobleman.

Starschenski. What did I think of you? What are you?—I do not know.

Oginski. Let us not talk of that, Pan Starschenski. I did very wrong to follow you. Why should I be here? I have never loved people! Why did you drag me out of my hiding-place? Now, farewell.

Starschenski. No, Pan Oginski, I will not let you go.

Oginski. What do you want of me?

Starschenski. I want your friendship.

Oginski. That is not true!

Starschenski. So help me God!—Sit down, friend! Drink this wine, it is most excellent. Now I am another man; pardon me. Pardon me, if I have behaved badly. Drink and pardon.

Oginski. I have nothing to pardon, Pan.

Starschenski. Then tell me something. Drink and tell me something; you have known Elga from her childhood?

Oginski. Yes.

Starschenski. You played together as children?

Oginski. She played with me.

Starschenski. She was fond of you?

Oginski. Perhaps.

Starschenski. You were fond of her?

Oginski. Not I, for she was not lovable.

Starschenski. You were not fond of Elga?

Oginski. I speak the truth.

Starschenski. She was not beautiful?

Oginski. No, Pan.

Starschenski. There you lie, Pan.

Oginski (*rises*).

Starschenski. Stay, sit down.

Oginski. Enough.

Starschenski. Elga is beautiful. Say that she is beautiful!

Oginski. Enough.

Starschenski. I could kill you—and kiss you, if you are not lying. Give me your hand! Brother, give me your hand.

Oginski. What do you want with it?

Starschenski. I called you a liar. Pardon me!

Oginski. We all lie.

Starschenski. Then you lied just now?

Oginski (*coldly*). I did not say so.

Starschenski. Take care!—Or have pity!—

(*He lets his head sink down on the table, and gasps.*)

Oginski (*drawing himself up, with horrible coldness*). Of what use were pity to you, your Grace? Pity is tenfold pain. I have felt the tenfold pain. Should God show pity toward a man who had fallen, then were he not a God of mercy and kindness. Ask no pity, Pan.

Starschenski. (*conquering himself, firmly*). I do not ask it.

(*ELGA comes back, richly dressed.*)

Elga (*carelessly*). Well, are you sober again, friend?

Starschenski. I think so. Come, chat with us.

Elga. Good. The table will soon be set, we shall be called immediately. What kind of wine have you?

Starschenski. Taste.

Elga. How has life gone with you, Oginski, since we last saw each other?

Starschenski (*hastily*). How long is it since you last saw each other?

Elga (*to OGINSKI*). Well, say; how long is it?

Oginski. I do not count the days. They come and go, and are all alike to me.

Elga. Fie, haven't you longed at all for your old playfellow? Do you remember how we played, Oginski? I ran faster than you. I jumped

further than you. In our wars, I led you on. I was your mistress. You boys had to follow me, do as I wished, all of you, O, what fun that was! *Oginski (disgusted)*. I beg you, let me go. I can not laugh and be merry.

Starschenski. What matter? Neither can I. She laughs for us.—I will tell you what I dreamed. I dreamed of a young woman. This is true. Yes. The woman was naked, and she danced the whole night .

. . . she danced, danced, danced before me in a torturing fashion.—But now pay attention; on what did the woman dance? Imagine the moon chalk-white! This moon, chalk-white, ghostly pale, pale as if from fright, shone over a broad, infinitely broad, mountainous country. In this broad, mountainous country, which was like a stormy sea, grown rigid, nothing grew, no blade of grass, no tree nor shrub. It seemed to me, in my dream, as if the mountains were made of, and the valleys filled with heaps of men's bones and men's skulls. Over these the woman danced.

Elga. Ugh, you have queer dreams! Do stop, it makes me shudder.

Oginski. But you have not yet finished the dream, Pan.

Starschenski. Finish it then. You tell it.

Oginski. I can not tell things.

Elga. He begs you and I beg you; do it.

Oginski. Very well then, listen: I, too, have seen the woman, who danced over skulls. She was beautiful . . .

Starschenski. Beautiful, like Elga.

Oginski. She was beautiful and was naked.

Starschenski. And her body was like Elga's body.

Oginski. But the strangest thing of all was her eyes. From them came at times a light that dimmed the moon. Then again there welled up out of them death and night. She had eyes . . .

Starschenski. Like Elga's eyes.

Elga. Do stop, now!

Oginski. In my dream, they could, with a single glance, make the valleys and mountains grow green: I mean the eyes of which I spoke. The brooks flowed, the birches shed perfume . . .

Starschenski. Yes, it was just so.

Oginski. Then again, this same glance penetrated the heart like poison.

Elga (rises, goes slowly out). Your stories make me freezing cold. Good night!

Starschenski (alone with OGINSKI, rises gloomily and solemnly). Pan Oginski, I think we, too, will now have done with this.

Oginski. Yes. Today or tomorrow, I don't care which!

Starschenski. I think, today!—(Significantly.) So good night!

Oginski (in the same way). Good night!

Starschenski. You will not see tomorrow's sun, Oginski.

Oginski (bitterly, ironically). Neither will you, Pan.

Starschenski. It may be.—But you will die a shameful death.

Oginski. You will live a shameful life.

Starschenski. It may be.—I would like not to put you to death on a simple suspicion . . .

Oginski. Don't worry about that.

Starschenski. She has lain in your arms?

Oginski (with unconcealed triumph). I have lived!

Starschenski. Well then!—*(He strikes the table with his sword, three times, the STEWARD and ARMED MEN rush in.)* Do your work!

(He goes out. The ARMED MEN quickly bind and gag OGINSKI, and drag him away.)

The room remains empty, long silence.

(Later DORTKA comes in, in greatest anxiety.)

Dortka. My lady! My lady! Pani Elga! *(ELGA comes in.)*

Elga. Dortka, why do you scream so?

Dortka. It is good that I find you, Pani Elga.

Elga. Why is it good?

Dortka. Back in the garden, where the old watch-tower stands .

. . . see, there is a light there.

Elga. What else?

Dortka. People are walking around there with lanterns.

Elga. What are they doing there?

Dortka. People with weapons.

Elga. Come, you are dreaming.

(STARSCHENSKI has come forward from one of the doors, and keeps his gaze fastened rigidly on ELGA. His face has the ashen hue of a corpse.)

Elga. Pan Starschenski, what does this mean?

Starschenski. It means nothing.

Elga. Then good night, and tomorrow more.

Starschenski. You can not sleep now, Elga. You must get your cloak and go with me.

Elga. You are drowned in pure foolishness, Pan.

Starschenski. Drowned in foolishness, not bad! Dortka, go! Find the steward and ask him this: Have you executed the master's command? Then bring me word. *(DORTKA goes out.)*

Starschenski. Elga, rise and follow me.

Elga. I will not do it. I will not follow you.

Starschenski. You will not?

Elga. No.

Starschenski. Then stay and tell me this . . .

Elga. You have become a fool, I know not what has made you so.

Starschenski. Perhaps you.

Elga. Then let me go, and keep what is your own, *Starschenski.* Much better live in poverty and bitterest misery, than this way.

Starschenski. I am to keep what is my own? What have you left me?

Elga. As much as you wish! You are tired of me! I feel it. I antagonize you; so let me go!

Starschenski. To Cousin Oginski.

Elga. What do you say?

Starschenski. You would go to Cousin Oginski.

Elga. — — Well, if I did—; where I would go is my concern:—

(She rises and walks up and down.)

Starschenski. If you can, deny it! Listen and answer; you and Oginski were betrothed to one another, when you met me?

Elga. Now, you too, shall listen. I am tired of this. If Oginski chattered nonsense when he was drunk, well; we were children, he and I. To you, however, I say; we are too old to be children still! so don't plague me with the past! Don't plague me with Cousin Oginski! Or, let me go.

Starschenski. You no longer love Oginski? Tell me that one thing; don't you love him any more now?

Elga. Would I have gone with you? Would I have become your wife? I have not always felt at home in your world! Common childhood, common world.

Starschenski. Common paradise, perhaps.

Elga. For all I care, that too! Well I became your wife, what more?

Starschenski. Do you love me?

Elga. No!—I do not love you now! Because you plague and torture me, I do not love you. But once I went with you and was glad to be with you. I was happy and merry with you; and where I can be happy and merry, Pan, there I can love, too.

Starschenski. Then come.

Elga. Where am I to go with you? I shall stay here— or go alone. You are ill and should go to a physician. Honestly, upon my soul: I am afraid. I am afraid now, to go with you.

Starschenski. Then tell me: You no longer love Oginski?

Elga. I tell you no!

Starschenski. You don't care whether he be dead or alive?

Elga. He is not alive for me! He is not dead for me!

Starschenski. Then come!—

(He has seized her wrist with an iron grip and leads her away.)

SCENE SIXTH.

Change of scene. The chamber of the first scene, this time in the old watch-tower when it still stood alone. Standing to the right and left of the curtained bed, high, gilded candelabra with unlighted candles. Night, moonlight. The STEWARD stands by the bed, holding a long, naked sword. DORTKA comes in.

Dortka. What a night this is!—Are you here, Timoska?

The Steward. Yes. What do you want?

Dortka. His Grace, our master, sent me. I was to ask whether you had executed the master's command.

The Steward. Yes, I believe so. Go and tell the master: The dead wolf eats no live sheep.—There is nothing more for you to do here. Why do you still stand there?

Dortka (trembling). What are you going to do, steward?

The Steward. Ask the master.

Dortka. I shudder when I look at you, I don't know why.

The Steward. Yes, you have cause for shuddering.

Dortka. I?

The Steward. Yes, you.

Dortka. What have I done?

The Steward. You know what, hussy!

Dortka. Timoska, have pity on me. I do not know.

The Steward. Have you had pity on my master?

Dortka. On your master, Timoska?

The Steward. What have you made of him? Rich, young and kind, a few days ago, today he is old, poor and full of hatred.

Dortka. And I? Do you put the blame on me?

The Steward. Certainly not on you alone. On you and the whole brood! I hate the Lascheks! They are accursed.

Dortka. But what have I in common with the Lascheks? I have served my lady, nothing more.

The Steward. She is no lady. She is a strumpet, like you!

Dortka. It is not true. People lie when they say so. You are blinded; it is not true!

The Steward. We know it. She is not a lady. No. She is a devil. She was a strumpet when he found her, a beggar, in the streets of Warsaw. Vermin, that he picked up and brought home. I and Pani Marina knew it. She put her hands in his pockets. Her brothers put their hands in. She is a vampire and has drunk the blood out of his breast. Now take yourself away; some one is coming, save your life.

(DORTKA goes out.)

STARSCHENSKI appears in the doorway.)

Starschenski (speaking to someone behind him). It is for nothing, yet come up. It is for a matter of no consequence, I grant you; but come up!—

Elga's voice. I shall go no furthur.

Starschenski. You cannot go back! There are armed men at the door, you cannot go back. You risk your life, if you go back without me. Come up, don't be afraid! Or are you afraid?

(ELGA enters wrapped in her cloak.)

Elga (sullenly and firmly). No!

Starschenski. It is cold down there. This is better. It is warmer here. Did you notice, there has been a hard frost this evening? We walked through the entire garden, all the way from the castle here, over a white carpet, made of the petals of blossoms. Have you ever come that way?

Elga (to TIMOSKA). Who are you? Who is that man standing there?

Starschenski. Come, I will take off your cloak. It is old Timoska. Sit down.—It is indeed a strange, musty room. I understand perfectly, how uncanny to anyone who came into it for the first time. It is as if, since the beginning of the world, ghosts and nothing but ghosts had housed here. You have never been up here before?

Elga. You know that I have been up here, why do you ask me?

Starschenski. I did not know it. How many times have you been up here in this accursed chamber?

Elga (gloomily, defiantly). Many times.

Starschenski. Do you know, too, what is behind the curtain?

Elga. If I have been up here, then I know what is behind the curtain.

Starschenski. Then tell me just what it is. I ask for good reasons and expect an answer.—You think that there is a bed behind this curtain?

Elga. Well, what else?

Starschenski. There is something more! Do you know the legend, the people tell one another on the roads, in the cottages of the serfs and in the castles for miles around, about this old chamber and the bedstead?

Elga. I do not know it and I do not wish to know it. I have had enough of this now, I am going!

Starschenski. Do not endanger your life, you know! And stay, Timoska will tell you the legend. The old man knows it.

The Steward (begins to read from a parchment, aloud and slowly). There lived in olden times, a true man and rich count. He lived in peace, by himself, with his gracious mother. Finally, however, he set his heart on a woman . . .

Starschenski. Have you arranged everything exactly in accordance

with my commands?

The Steward. Exactly, to the letter.

Starschenski. So that not the least thing remains to be done?

The Steward. No. Everything is done, and nothing more is left to do.

Starschenski. Go on with your story.

The Steward. But she was a ditch full of snakes and no woman. she lied and deceived him, who was honorable and without falsehood. She betrayed him and covered him with shame.

Starschenski. Where did she do it?

The Steward (*points to the bed*). Here, Count Starschenski.

Starschenski. In this bed. do you mean?

The Steward. Yes.

Elga. You are crazy! Help! Help!—

(*She presses back against the wall, trembling, as if hunted.*)

Starschenski (*quietly*). Pani Elga, be quiet, nothing will happen to you.—Light the candles.

The Steward. Yes, sire, immediately.—

(*He lights the candles in the candelabra.*)

Elga (*stares at the candles as if crazed*). Dortka! Oginski! I have the nightmare! I do not want to dream! waken me, Dortka! The curtain is black! Why didn't I see that? I have dreamed this dream of the candelabra once before. Why don't you waken me? I will not dream.

Starschenski. Be quiet, my lady, be quiet, no harm will come to you. And you are not dreaming, my lady, you are awake. But do not lie! Do not lie in this fearful hour! You are covered with stains! You are not clean. And nevertheless; you no longer love Oginski—say the one word!

Elga (*almost whimpering, crazed with terror*). I did say it, you do not believe me.

Starschenski. By the love of God, if it is the truth, then are you clean to me; then come to me—and be my wife!

(*At this instant the candles are all lighted, at a nod from STARSCHENSKI the curtains part, and OGINSKI is seen lying on the bed, strangled. ELGA, who is on the point of obeying STARSCHENSKI and of going to him, is rendered perfectly rigid at this sudden sight of the dead body. It seems as if, without in the least willing it, she is drawn by the dead toward himself. She throws herself, gasping, over the body. After a long silence, STARSCHENSKI says in a changed, agitated voice.*)

Starschenski. Elga!—

Elga (*does not answer.*)

Starschenski (*more urgently and tenderly, approaching her*). Elga!—

Elga (*turns around, filled with hate, like a she wolf, defending her*

young). Do not touch him!

Starschenski (soothingly, almost beseechingly). Elga!

Elga (draws herself up slowly and recoils from him, filled with hatred, horror and disgust. Then she bursts forth). I hate you! I spit on you!

Thick darkness sinks over the scene. The choral song of the monks is heard in the distance, as in the first scene. The early morning light penetrates through the window. The silhouette of the German knight is gradually distinguished against the slowly reddening morning sky, otherwise the room is empty. The black curtains of the empty bed are pushed back. Someone knocks.)

The Knight. Who is there? Come in!

The Servant (enters). It is time to start, sire, we must away.

The Knight. Well, Peter, you are welcome. Away! Let us to horse! Out into the bright, living world.

The Servant. Are we to start without breakfast? The brothers are at early mass.

The Knight. Let us go at once! I would rather not meet any of the brothers again!—One of them visited me last night, after you left. Out into the early morning! Out and to horse! I had a horrible nightmare, deadly horrible. God be merciful to us! I shall think of this night in the monastery for a long time.

LIVING HOURS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

BY ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Translated from the German by Helen Tracy Porter

A SMALL well-kept garden in a Viennese suburb. In the rear a cottage with a porch from which three steps lead down into the garden. In front two benches and a comfortable reclining chair. It is early autumn, towards evening, and very still. BORROMAUS, the gardener, is digging about; an old man with flowing gray hair. ANTON HAUSDORFER comes down slowly from the porch. He is about sixty, clean-shaven, with straight, close trimmed gray hair and young eyes. His clothes are dark, and comfortable though not careless: he wears a broad hat of dark straw.)

Hausdorfer. Good evening, Borromaus.

Borromaus. Good evening, worshipful sir. The worshipful sir has been in town this afternoon?

Haus. No.

Bor. I only thought so, because the worshipful sir didn't have his coffee in the arbor again this afternoon.

Haus. No, I wasn't in town. I have been lying on the sofa in the house; I had a little headache. But what are you doing? You'll have the whole garden dug up at this rate.

Bor. It does look like it, doesn't it? But the worshipful sir knows it has to be. Any night now there might be a frost—I haven't much faith in these fine days, now October's here. Does the worshipful sir remember how it was in the fall of '93? We sat outdoors the evening before—yes, on the 28th of October—and before morning, about three o'clock, there was a frost; and it was the same way in '87 and '88. No indeed, this warm weather can't fool me.

Haus. Quite right, Borromaus. (*He looks around him.*) What are we setting out now? (*He falls into a reverie, scarcely listening to the answer.*)

Bor. I was just going to tell the worshipful sir about it. Today after dinner I saw Franz from up above.

Haus (absently). Saw whom?

Bor. (a little put out.) The gardener of Baron Weisseneck. He's a bit stiff, but he knows his business—better than I do, if I must admit it. He reads up in his books, twenty volumes or so he has, in a row over his chest. I don't feel it beneath me to ask him a question now and then.

Haus. (has not been listening.) Yes, yes, so you must.

Bor. Must what, worshipful sir?

Haus. Why, do what he said: I am perfectly willing.

Bor. (more and more astonished.) But—I didn't tell the worshipful sir—

Haus. (as before.) Yes, yes, that's the best plan.

Bor. (positively alarmed.) Will the worshipful sir permit —

Haus. (rousing himself.) What?

Bor. I guess I understand now.—If I might be allowed to ask—the Frau Councillor must be worse again, isn't she? (*becomes rather embarrassed as HANSDORFER does not answer.*) I only thought, because she hasn't been out for three weeks.

Haus. Let be. She is dead. Thank you very much for your sympathy. The Frau Councillor is dead. (*He sits down.*)

Bor. (very much overcome; takes off his cap.) Oh! (*Pause.*)

Haus. Yes. She will never come to see us again, the Frau Councillor.

Bor. To think of her dying — Oh, my Lord! I never had an idea she was so sick. (*shakes his head.*) And she was still quite a young woman, so to speak.

Haus. Young — ah, dear old Borromaus, — well, she was seven years younger than I am, — but I'm pretty nearly sixty myself.

Bor. To be sure.

Haus. But people live to be a great deal older than the Frau Councillor — that is sure too.

Bor. The worshipful sir knows I have seen the Frau Councillor nearly every day for the last fifteen or twenty years, and yet —

Haus. Yes, we were all younger, twenty years ago. But even the very last time the Frau Councillor didn't look like an old woman. And this summer, since she had grown thinner and paler, one would have sworn — why, one night I was coming through here, late in the evening, and the Frau Councillor was sitting there, — my senses, but I thought it was her younger sister — begging the worshipful sir's pardon.

Haus. (after a short pause.) Well, Borromaus, what was it that arrogant Franz of the Baron's told you to do?

Bor. Oh, no indeed, worshipful sir. I mustn't bother you any more with my gabble. (*he kisses his hand.*) I know what it means — you see I was married once, and I buried my wife. (*He is terrified at his own words.*) I — I mean only —

Haus. Very good, Borromaus. (*short pause.*)

Bor. And the young master?

Haus. What? Who?

Bor. I mean the young Herr Heinrich. It is frightful—oh, Lord, oh Lord! When one thinks how he always brought her out at the last, and came after her in the evening —

Haus. Yes, he is very much to be pitied.

Bor. He must be sick himself or he would have come out.

Haus. Oh no, I am expecting him every day. He is away on a

journey, but he may be back any time. He needs to recover himself a little, so he can get at his work again.

Bor. Yes, if a man has a calling —

Haus. And a calling like that — the poet's calling! (*gets up.*) A poet! Do you know what that means?

Bor. Why, —

Haus. You know nothing, absolutely nothing. None of us ordinary men know anything, beyond digging in our gardens.

Bor. Why, the worshipful sir used to —

Haus. Oh yes, — you mean, Borromaus, that I used to do more than that, and so I did, — but nothing better. I used to go in town every day, and sit at a desk from eight to two, and sometimes as late as three or four o'clock.

Bor. It must be pretty bad, to sit in one place for six hours every day. — I used to pity the worshipful sir when he got back out in the country so late. And then in winter —

Haus. But what's a man to do, Borromaus? There's another fellow in my place now, and if he outlives his usefulness, like me, he'll get a pension too, and there'll be another new man at the desk. It doesn't matter who sits there, though, it's all the same thing. But a poet, now—that's a different kind of man from us, Borromaus! If one of them retires on a pension, the place is pretty certain to wait a long time to be filled. Yes, yes, a man like that has to consider what he owes to the world, eh, Borromaus?

Bor. To be sure.

Haus. You don't think so at all, you simply don't understand, the least in the world. Didn't you ever notice Heinrich? Never saw the halo round his head, eh? There, you see! — !

Bor. (*laughs, suddenly becomes very solemn.*)

Haus. Don't be worried, Borromaus, I'm not daft. I don't mean a real halo, just a figurative one. You can't see it, Borromaus, neither can I; but the Frau Councillor could.

Bor. I knew perfectly well what the worshipful sir meant. It's because Herr Heinrich, young as he is, has been getting into the papers, and making people talk about him — oh yes, that's it. (*He makes a gesture, describing a halo about his head.*)

Heinrich. (*dressed in black, goes by outside the fence. He bows.*)

Bor. (*follows HAUSDORFER'S glance.*)

Haus. Yes, here he come. (*He sits down, silently.*)

Bor. If the worshipful sir would permit — I haven't had a chance to offer Herr Heinrich my respectful sympathy.

Haus. Well, then, go and offer him your respectful sympathy.

Hein. (*appears on the terrace, from inside the house.*)

Bor. (goes up to Heinrich.)

Hein. (coming down from the porch, takes BORROMAUS' hand.)
Thank you, dear Borromaus, — I understand, thank you very much.

Bor. (goes off.)

Hein. (comes down forward.)

Haus. (gets up, and goes a step or two towards HEINRICH. They shake hands.) Well, back again?

Hein. Yes, sooner than I expected. After all, there is no place like home.

Haus. (nods.) You went away that same night?

Hein. Yes. I went home from the cemetery, packed up and got off. I couldn't stand another night in the house.

Haus. I understand. Where have you been?

Hein. I went to Salzburg first.

Haus. Did you?

Hein. I had once before found the place beneficial, — a city of consolation, in truth.

Haus. Oh, is there such a place?—What a wonderful thing it would be if there were.

Hein. Yes, under certain conditions, Salzburg is such a place: and to tell the truth, I did not go there at random. Seven or eight years ago I lived through a most distressing and painful experience, — you will understand me, Herr Hausdorfer, when I say it was such an experience as I thought could never be converted to good in this world — and I undertook a journey to Salzburg. That very afternoon, as I was walking alone in the charming rococo garden in Hellbrunn, my distress seemed suddenly alleviated; and when I woke in the morning I was like a person healed of a disease, and able to work again.

Haus. Tut, tut!

Hein. Of course, I was only twenty at the time, and it was the spring of the year — both of which facts must be taken into consideration.

Haus. I should say so.

Hein. And this time, — nothing. Not a ray of illumination. On the contrary.

Haus. Then there would seem to be occasions when Hellbrunn doesn't work? How long did you stay in Salzburg?

Hein. I left the next day and went to Munich; I hoped a good deal from the soothing influence of the old masters. So I went to the *Alte Pinakothek*, where my beloved Dürers and Holbeins are hung; and there at last I breathed again, the first time in a long long while. *(Pause.)* You don't mind my telling you all this, do you? Somehow I feel a real need of speaking out to you.

Haus. Go on, go on. *(He seems a little more friendly, and offers*

HEINRICH *his hand.*)

Hein. Thank you. (*sits down.*) You see, Herr Hansdorfer, for my part it has distressed me considerably to feel that we have somehow, in the course of the past few years — I don't know how to put it except to say that we have somehow become a little estranged.

Haus. Estranged — how?

Hein. Yes. I have felt that you no longer had the same kindly feeling for me that you had when I was a boy and played here in your garden.

Haus. But good heavens, my dear Heinrich, that was such a long time ago! And besides you must admit that you were really the one — well, no, I don't exactly mean that, still, it was natural enough for you to go your own way. There was nothing very entertaining out here for a young man, and you have your own friends. I haven't reproached you, have I?

Hein. Not at all. — I only wanted to let you know how deeply I felt, after this wretched journey, — this flight, rather, that I was more drawn to you than anyone else in the world. You will understand me. And I am so thankful to you for my mother's sake — you were so much to her, you beautified all the last years of her life!

Haus. (*turns away.*) Yes, yes. But go on. You went to Munich, looked at the pictures and found consolation.

Hein. Only as long as I stayed in the cool stillness of the gallery. I'd hardly gotten into the street when the effect was gone again. And then the evenings—the endless lonesome evenings! I tried to work, to think — it was impossible. I was completely upset. (*Pause. He rises.*) How long will it last?

Haus. It must be frightful, if one is so used to being at work —

Hein. Used to being at work? — But I'm not, any longer. That is just it. For two or three years I have been perfectly unable to accomplish anything whatever. You know yourself —

Haus. Yes, yes, to be sure.

Hein. It was an utter impossibility. — To see a being one loves, to see one's mother, suffer, suffer like that, and know she is fighting with death, — and that she longs for it! That was the most frightful part of it. I saw the longing in her eyes, nights when I sat by her bed and read to her. (*a long pause.*) I have given up the house.

Haus. Oh, you have? Well, it is really too large for you, by yourself.

Hein. Yes; and anyhow, I could never write another line in it. I should hear night after night, those moans from the room next to mine, that used to cut into my heart, and annihilate every faculty, every wish to create, even the very desire to live. Oh, my God! (*long pause.*) Did you know what Doctor Heuffer said to me the Sunday before she died?

Haus. What?

Hein. That she might live two or three years longer.

Haus. (*almost beside himself.*) Two or three years? (*controlling himself, more quietly.*) That she might live two or three years longer?

Hein. Yes. And that was just when the worst came. She never went out of her room again, never had another hour in the garden she loved so well. (*Looks at the empty reclining chair.*)

Haus. Perhaps I might have made up my mind to come in once in awhile, do you think?

Hein. (*rather ashamed.*) Ah, my dear Herr Hausdorfer, here I am talking about myself all the time, — yet I am young, with a future before me, of some kind or other. But how much you have lost!

Haus. Very much, indeed.

Hein. I know what my mother was to you, I always knew it, even in those days.

Haus. When?

Hein. I was not such a very small child, when my father left us.

Haus. Yes, yes.

Hein. I can remember the day when my mother told me 'Papa has gone away.' When he didn't come back, I imagined for a long time that he had died, and I often wept bitterly about it in the night. But after a while I met him in the street and with him was that woman for whom he left my mother. I stood inside a door-way so that he might not see me, — I, a child, was ashamed before him. Yes, I soon understood that my mother was quite free, free as if she had really been widowed.

Haus. Then you made excuse for us, you mean (*a little distantly*).

Hein. Pardon me, I express myself badly. (*more warmly.*) But why should not we speak naturally of simple and natural things, especially at such a time? I felt impelled to take your hand as if it were indeed my father's — for I know how dearly my mother loved you. (*It has grown gradually dark. Outside the fence, in the street, the lamps have been lighted.*)

Haus. Loved me — that would be strange indeed. When one is young, all the world is in love. Friends Heinrich, we were—old people, old friends. Do you understand? Or has the word no meaning when one is young? And how could you understand it, you young people, with the whole world before you — not to speak of a man like you with the prospects you have.

Hein. There you mistake, Herr Hausdorfer, I understand very clearly. If I could bring my poor mother back to you, to us — my God! What would I not give to have her sitting here with us for one single evening!

Haus. What would you give — (*bitterly.*) how much?

Hein. (*hesitating.*) I think — it seems to me I would give my whole

future, with everything that I might accomplish in it.

Haus. Don't be a fool, Heinrich — you don't mean what you say.

Hein. If it were a possibility — if it lay in my power —

Haus. That's a lie Heinrich. If you did have that power — I know you! I know you all, every one of you, I know what you are!

Hein. All of us — I did not know it was necessary for me to answer for anyone except myself.

Haus. You do not answer for anybody but yourself. When I say 'all of you,' I know what I mean, and I mean what I say. — There was a young fellow at the office once, the story is nearly ten years old now: he played a little in his odd moments, one of the chapters of the choral society brought out something of his — Franz Thomas, his name was. Well, his only child died, a boy seven years old, bright and beautiful as a picture. I knew him, for he sometimes came with his mother to fetch his father home from the office. The child died, of diphtheria, in one night, and I went to offer my sympathy. He, the father I mean, was sitting at the piano and playing — playing! The dead child was laid out in the same room, I saw it; and he didn't even stop playing when I came in, but just nodded to me, and when I stood behind him he said softly: 'Listen, Herr Hausdorfer, that is for my poor little son. The melody pleases me very much.' And the dead child was lying right there in its shroud — it gave me shivers, I can tell you.

Hein (*has been listening with visible interest and gratification.*) Yes, I can well understand how many very excellent men might feel a sort of horror at such a thing.

Haus Horror—yes, that the right word for it.

Hein. And yet, Herr Hansdorfer, do you not think those very people are to be envied for their power to absorb themselves in their calling, their art? They have the wonderful capacity of moulding their sorrow into imperishable form, instead of letting it dissipate itself in useless tears.

Haus. And this moulding their sorrow into imperishable form — will that bring back the dead?

Hein. As little as the tears themselves. I do not say that joy in one's work outweighs one's sorrow for a departed loved one. But isn't our work the one thing that is left to us at last? Shall you not work in your garden again? and for myself—yes, I long for the day to come when I am again capable of working, of creating something out and out, as I once did. We must resign ourselves to the inevitable.

Haus. To the inevitable, yes.

Hein. This was inevitable.

Haus. No.

Hein. (*astonished.*) Most surely it was. What notion are you tormenting yourself with? You yourself asked the doctor, six weeks ago,

and he did not hesitate to tell you the truth. It had to come.

Haus. But not now — not so soon.

Hein. How can you make such an assertion, Herr Hausdorfer—you can't assume that there was any lack of care —

Haus. Oh no, no. Forgive me. There could be none.

Hein. Then why —

Haus. But you said yourself that she might have lived two or three years more.

Hein. Alas, yes. That is true.. But the doctor also mentioned the possibility of a sudden death, as you know.

Haus. Sudden,— yes, quite right— (*hesitatingly, then with sudden determination.*) but natural — that is another question.

Hein. (*startled.*) What? Why — no, I cannot understand what you mean by a conjecture of which not the slightest — why, the doctor would have known it.

Haus. How? Couldn't one empty a bottle of laudanum and be found dead in bed next morning — *if the family expected it already?*

Hein. You speak as if you knew — did my mother express any —

Haus. I am not mistaken — let that content you.

Hein. Since you have said so much, Herr Hausdorfer, it is only natural —

Haus. I am sure of it — don't ask any further!

Hein. Ah, yes. The letter, on her writing-table—

Haus. (*nods his head.*) Yes. (*Pause.*)

Hein (*overcome.*) Yes—yes. And yet, why am I so surprised? (*Pause.*) When I have asked myself, how often, in those terrible nights—yes, I confess it to you, at the risk of your thinking me horrible, too—what it is that makes us wretched human creatures endure such misery, such martyrdom, when it lies in our own power to put an end to it at any time.

Haus. Heinrich!

Hein. If my mother did do what you say you know she did, she was right, quite right.

Haus. *Heinrich!*

Hein. That is my honest opinion.

Haus. Because you don't understand, Heinrich—because you know nothing! She would have gone on living and enduring, as long as the good God gave her life, — she would have lived for my sake and her own — here for these few hours in the garden, so full of recollections of our young days and our happiness; but she is dead, and she died for you, Heinrich, for you, for your sake!

Hein. (*more and more overcome.*) For me, for my sake? But I can't understand, in the least — for my sake — what do you mean?

Haus. Then you really don't know? Can't you imagine?— When

you spoke of it yourself, just now?

Hein. Of what?

Haus. Why didn't you tell me how it affected you, and you thought your mother didn't see it?

Hein. What did she see?

Haus. That her suffering upset you, that you couldn't work, that you were worried for fear it might be all up with your art, that you, —you! — were the tortured, the martyred one — she saw all that, and so —

Hein. And so—! But it is impossible!

Haus. Impossible? She was your mother, and that made it possible.

Hein. No, Herr Hausdorfer. Your grief makes you imagine what could not possibly be true. I grant that the condition of my mind could be no secret to my mother, I was so greatly distressed; but that there could be any ground for —

Haus. (*interrupting him passionately.*) Can't you believe me — do you think I am lying to you — do you? Well, then! (*pulls a letter from his pocket.*) Read it, read it — she wrote it when her mind was perfectly clear, it was the one that was on her desk — she wrote it that last night, and half an hour after—you can read it all—she saw you suffer—*she* saw you suffer!—and so she died—died before her time!

Hein. (*runs through the letter.*) Mother! Mother! (*sinks down into the reclining chair.*) For me! On my account — because I was — Oh, my God, my God! (*buries his head against the arm of the chair.*)

Haus. (*gazes at him and nods his head.*)

(*Long pause.*)

Hein. (*gets up.*) I will go now. I know my presence must be painful to you. Here is the letter. (*He stills hold it in his hand.*) It was written when her mind was perfectly clear, and it tells the truth. I do not doubt it any longer. (*after some hesitation.*) May I call your attention to one point?

Haus. What?

Hein. This Where my mother implores you (*pointing with his finger.*) 'I entreat you,' — not to let me know the contents of this letter: to let me rest in the belief that she died a natural death. This letter was intended for your eyes alone — not for mine, in any event.

Haus. I intended it for you! I intended it for you! I let you read it — you'll get over it.

Hein. And by your interference you have destroyed the whole effect of this spontaneous sacrifice. *She* did not intend me to feel that I had murdered her, to go through the world with her blood on my head! Perhaps you will come after a while to feel that you have done not only me but her a wrong that outweighs mine.

Haus. I accept the responsibility, — Heinrich. I have told you.

You will get over it. It will not last long—no, you will recover, live, create again.

Hein. That is my right, perhaps my duty as well. There is nothing left for me to do—either kill myself, or else strive to prove that my mother—did not die in vain.

Haus. Heinrich! A month ago she was alive,—and you can say that! She killed herself for you, and you can wash your hands of responsibility,—In a few days you will be beginning to think it was her own fault. Am I not right—aren't you after all just like the others—all stuck full of arrogance, little and big! What does all your scribbling amount to, even if you were the greatest genius in the world, in comparison with one hour here in the garden, one living hour, when your mother sat in her chair, and talked to us or else we were silent together—yet whether she talked or not, there she was, in the flesh, with us, her very self, alive, alive!

Hein. Living hours! Those living hours of yours live just so long as the last person who remembers them. And thus it is, that his is not the meanest of destinies, in whose power it lies to give such hours immortality.—Farewell Herr Hausdorfer. Your sorrow gives you the right to misunderstand me. Next spring, when this garden of yours is once more in bloom, we shall meet again. For you, too, will live on. (*He goes up the terrace, across which a broad path of lamp-light streams into the garden.*)

(*The curtain falls.*)

AUGUST STRINDBERG

BY FRANCIS I. ZIEGLER

ALTHOUGH famous in his own country and popular as a playwright in Russia, France, and Germany, August Strindberg is a man of genius whose name is just beginning to be heard in America. One of his remarkable one-act plays, 'Fraulein Julie,' the tragic picture of a neurotic girl's sorry love affair, was given recently in New York City by a company of Russian actors speaking their own language, and the name of Strindberg has figured occasionally in a review, but of his work and personality little is known outside of Continental Europe. The reason is not far to seek: Strindberg's plays, although never pornographic, as a rule deal with matters upon which Anglo Saxons avoid discussion. Strindberg's characters are real, despite their neuroticism. They speak the language of real life and never that of literature. The author himself has put on record his impatience with the dramatist who makes some of his characters say foolish things in order that others may return bright answers.

Strindberg himself is a living example of the assertion that 'Great wit to madness is allied,' and the soul-sickness of many of his characters must have been drawn from his own mental ailments. He himself has descended into the dark places and then told us of his sufferings. At times his brain has given away completely and forced him into a madhouse, yet his plays are logical and technically excellent. He is a voluminous writer, having written not only many plays, but romances, novels, verses and scientific works as well. Why he should be compared to Shakespeare, for he has been called 'the Shakespeare of Sweden,' it is hard to guess; his work is so different in character; yet there is a villain in one of his plays (Gustav in 'The Creditor'), compared to whom Iago seems a mere tyro, while none has gone farther than Strindberg in laying bare the torments of a soul on fire. That he can write in lighter vein, however, is shown in several of his plays, including that of which a translation follows and which is more to the taste of English-speaking people than others of his work.

THE STRONGER

A PLAY IN ONE ACT
BY AUGUST STRINDBERG

Translated by F. I. Ziegler

PERSONAGES

FRAU X. — *Actress, married.*

MLLE. Y. — *Actress, single.*

SCENE — *The corner of a ladies' cafe, two little iron tables, a red velvet sofa, several chairs.*

FRAU X. *enters, dressed in winter clothes, wearing hat and mantel and carrying a fine Japanese basket on her arm. (MLLE Y. sits beside a half-empty beer bottle, reading an illustrated newspaper which later she changes for another.)*

Frau X. — Good evening, Amelia you're sitting here alone on Christmas eve like a poor old maid.

(MLLE. Y. looks up from the newspaper, nods, and resumes her reading.)

Frau X. — Do you know it worries me to see you this way, alone in a café, and on Christmas eve, too. It makes me feel as I did that time when I saw a bridal party in a Paris restaurant, the bride sitting reading a comic paper, while the groom played billiards with the witnesses. Ah! thought I, with such a beginning, what a sequel and what an ending! He played billiards on his wedding evening—and she read a comic paper!—But that is neither here nor there.

(*The waiter enters, places a cup of chocolate before FRAU X. and exit.*)

Frau X. — I tell you what Amelia! I believe you would have done better to have kept him! Do you remember I was the first to say 'forgive him!' Recollect? Then you would be married now and have a home. Remember that Christmas in the country? How happy you were with your fiancé's parents, how you enjoyed the happiness of their home, but yet longed for the theatre. Yes, Amelia dear, home is the best of all—next to the theatre—and the children, you understand—but *that* you don't understand!

(MLLE. Y. looks scornful.)

Frau X. (*drinks a spoonful out of the cup, then opens her basket and takes out the Christmas presents*). Here you can see what I have bought

for my little pigs (*takes up a doll*). Look at this! This is for Liza. See? — And here is Maja's pop gun. (*loads and shoots at MLLE. Y. MLLE. Y. makes a startled gesture.*)

Frau X. — Were you frightened? Do you think I should like to shoot you? What? My soul! I don't believe you thought that! If you wanted to shoot at me, that wouldn't surprise me, because I came in your way—and that, I know, you can never forget—but I was quite blameless. You still believe I intrigued you out of the theatre, but I didn't do that! I didn't do that even if you do think so. But it's all one whether I say so or not, for you still believe it was I! (*Takes up a pair of embroidered slippers*). And these are for my old man. With tulips on them which I embroidered myself, I can't bear tulips, you know, but he must have tulips on everything.

(*MLLE. Y. looks up ironically and curiously.*)

Frau X. (*puts a hand in each slipper*). See what little feet Bob has! What? And you ought to see how elegantly he walks! You've never seen him in slippers! (*MLLE. Y. laughs aloud*). Look here, this is he (*she makes the slippers walk on the table. MLLE. Y. laughs loudly.*)

Frau X. — And then when he is grumpy, see, he stamps so with his foot. 'What! damn that cook, she never can learn to make coffee. Ah! now those idiots haven't trimmed the lamp wick straight!' And then he wears out the soles and his feet freeze. 'Ugh, how cold it is and the stupid fools never can keep the fire in the heater.' (*She rubs together the slippers' soles and uppers. MLLE. Y. laughs clearly.*)

Frau X. — And then he comes home and has to hunt for his slippers which Marie has stuck under the chiffonier. Oh, but it is a sin to sit here and make fun of one's husband. He's a pretty good little husband — You ought to have such a husband, Amelia. What are you laughing at? What? What? — And then I know he's true to me. Yes, I know that. Because he told me himself. What are you tittering about? When I came back from my tour of Norway, that shameless Frederika came and wanted to elope with him. Can you imagine anything so infamous? (*Pause*). But I'd have scratched her eyes out if she had come to see him when I was at home! (*Pause.*) It was good that Bob spoke of it himself and that it didn't reach me through gossip. (*Pause.*) But Frederika wasn't the only one, would you believe it! I don't know why, but the women are crazy about my husband. They must think he has something to say about theatre engagements because he's connected with the government. Perhaps you were there yourself and tried to influence him! I don't trust you any too much. But, I know he's not concerned about you, and you seem to have a grudge against him.

(*Pause. They look in a puzzled way at each other.*)

Frau X. — Come see us this evening, Amelia, and show that you're not angry with us — not angry with me at any rate! I don't know why,

but it's so uncomfortable to have you for an enemy. Possibly it's because I came in your way (*rallentando*) or — I really don't know — why particularly. (*Pause.*)

(MLLE. Y. *stares at FRAU X. curiously.*)

Frau X. (thoughtfully). Our acquaintance has been so peculiar. When I saw you for the first time I was so afraid of you, so afraid, that I couldn't look you in the face; still as I came and went I always found myself near you — I couldn't risk being your enemy, so I became your friend. But there was always a discordant note when you came to our house, because I saw that my husband couldn't bear you — and that was as annoying to me as an ill-fitting gown — and I did all I could to make him friendly toward you, but before he pleased me that way — you announced your engagement. Then came a violent friendship, so that in a twinkling it appeared as if you dared only show him your real feelings when you were secured — and then — how was it later? — I didn't get jealous — how wonderful! And I remember that when you were Patin's godmother, I made Bob kiss you — he did it, but you were so confused — that is, I didn't notice it then — thought about it later — never thought about it before — now! (*gets up hastily*). Why are you silent? You haven't said a word this whole time, but you have let me go on talking! You have sat there and your eyes rolled out of me all these thoughts which lay like raw silk in their cocoon — thoughts — suspicious thoughts, perhaps — let me see — why did you break your engagement? Why do you come so seldom to our house these days? Why won't you visit us tonight?

(MLLE. Y. *appears as if about to speak.*)

Frau X. Keep still! you don't have to say anything. I comprehend it all myself! It was because, and because and because. Yes! Yes! Now everything is clear. So that's it! Pfui, I won't sit at the same table with you (*takes her things to a neighboring table*). That's the reason why I had to embroider tulips, which I hate, on his slippers; because you are fond of tulips; that's why (*throws the slippers on the floor*) we go to the mountains during the summer, because you don't like the sea air; that's why my boy is named Eskil, because it's your father's name; that's why I wear your colors, read your authors, eat your pet dishes, drink your beverages — this chocolate for example — that's why. Oh, my God, it's fearful, when I think about it; it's fearful! Everything, everything, came from you to me, even your passion! Your soul crept into mine, like a worm into an apple, ate and ate, grubbed and grubbed, until nothing was left but the rind within. I wanted to fly from you, but I couldn't; you lay like a snake and enchanted me with your black eyes — I felt as if the branch gave way and threw me down; I lay with feet bound together in the water and swam mightily with my hands, but the harder I struggled the deeper I worked myself under, until I sank to the bottom, where you lay like a giant crab ready to catch hold

of me with your claws — and then I lay there!

Pfui! how I hate you! hate you! hate you! But you, you only sit there and keep silent, peacefully, indifferently, indifferent as to whether the moon waxes or wanes, whether it is Christmas or New Year, whether others are happy or unhappy, without the ability to hate or to love, as composed as a stork by a mouse hole — you can't make conquests yourself, you can't keep a man's love, but you can steal away that love from others! Here you sit in your corner — do you know they have named a mouse trap after you? — and read your newspaper in order to see if anything bad happens to any one, or who is in misfortune, or who has left the theatre; here you sit and review your work, calculating your chicanery as a pilot does his course; collecting your tribute . . .

Poor Amelia, do you know that I'm really sorry for you, because you are so unhappy. Unhappy like a wounded animal, and spiteful because you are wounded! I can't be angry with you, no matter how much I want to be — because you come out the small end of the horn. Yes; that affair with Bob—I don't bother about that. What is that to me, after all. And if I learned to drink chocolate from you or from somebody else, what difference does it make. (*Drinks a spoonful out of the cup; knowingly.*) Besides, chocolate is very healthful. And if you taught me how to dress — *tant mieux* — that only makes me more attractive to my husband. And you lost what I won. Yes, to sum up I believe you have lost him. But it was certainly your intent that I should go my own road — do as you did and regret as you now regret — but, see you, I don't do that! We won't be little, see you. And why should I take only what none other will have.

Possibly, take all in all, at this moment I am really the stronger. You got nothing from me, but you gave me much. And now I appear like a thief to you. You wake up and find I have possession of what you have missed! How was it that everything in your hands was worthless and sterile? You can hold no man's love with your tulips and your passion, as I can; you can't learn housekeeping from your authors, as I have done; you have no little Eskil to cherish, even if your father was named Eskil! And why do you keep silent, silent, silent? I believe that is strength; but, perhaps, it's because you have nothing to say! Because you don't think anything. (*Rises and picks up the slippers.*) Now I'm going home — and take the tulips with me — your tulips! You can't learn from another, you can't bend — and therefore you will be broken like a dry stalk — but I won't be!

Thank you, Amelia, for all your good lessons. Thanks because you taught me to love my husband! Now I'll go home and love him! (*Goes.*)

A COMEDY OF THE EXILE

BY ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

Dramatis Personae

TOBIT.

ANNA.

TOBIAS.

SARAH, *his bride.*

RAPHAEL, *the Archangel, in disguise of AZARIAS.*

Raphael's dog.

SCENE I.

The house of TOBIT, in Nineveh. Living room in the house of TOBIT. TOBIT, seated, bent and musing, blind, querulous, middle-aged, but prematurely old. ANNA, seated by him, spinning.

Tobit. I ever walked the way of righteousness.

Anna (nodding emphatically). Ay, that you did !

Tobit (shaking his head importantly). And I have seen strange things

In my days past of youth !

Anna (admiringly). Ay, that you have !

And it may be you will see strange things yet !

Tobit (complainingly). Ah, no, those times are past ! I am grown old .

Anna. No more than I.

Tobit. My youth went with my sight,

I am brought down in sorrow to the grave.

Anna. And through no sin !

Tobit (reflectively). Nay, I have kept the law !

From my youth up. While yet in Israel —

Anna (chanting). Ah, woe for the past pride of Israel !

Tobit. In my youth all the tribes and all the house

Of Naphtali my father fell away

And sacrificed to Baal. I alone

Went ever to the feasts of Israel

With tithes and with the first-born of the flock

And first-fruits for the priests, as was ordained.

For, though an orphan, I knew what was meet,

As Deborah, my father's mother, taught.

And when I grew a man I took to wife

Thee, Anna, and Tobias was our son —

- Anna.* Ah, few our days of peace in Israel
Ere the Assyrians came and spoiled the land !—
- Tobit.* And bore us captive off to Nineveh !
- Anna.* Yea, when our son was waxing near to birth,
And ah, the dangers of that weary way !
Hard was his birth. He rightly should love war.
- Tobit.* Yet came we safely and had peace awhile.
And there the Most High answered to my prayer
And gave me grace and favor with the king,
And I was his purveyor (*with unction*). I grew rich.
And saved ten talents. These I took with me
Unto Media and left with Gabael.
Meanwhile Tobias grew.
- Anna.* A pretty boy !
He looked like thee, I prayed it should be so.
The Most High heard — He of the Cherubim !
He hears His children cry from alien lands.
- Tobit.* But hard times came when Enemassar died,
Sennacherib his son was evil and the land
Was lawless and I scarce dared go abroad,
But I helped any of my race in need,
And buried those slain by Sennacherib,
And the king heard of it and took from me
My goods and sought my life. I hid in fear —
- Anna.* And then God heard my prayer and slew the king.
- Tobit.* Two of his sons slew him and Serchedon
Ruled in his stead and made my brother's son
Keeper of all his kingdom, and he made
Request for me. So I came back again.
- Anna.* Do you recall how the boy knew you not
And bade you forth when you would enter in,
Since he must guard his mother from a foe ?
- Tobit.* I was unkempt from fasting and from fear,
He too was changed even in so short a time —
- Anna.* So we were glad again, and we sat down
To feast of Pentecost —
- Tobit.* And so there came
More trouble on me than all that before.
I sent Tobias to bring some poor man in

- Of our own race to feast with us — and, lo !
He found one strangled in the market-place !
- Anna.* And you sprang up with angry eyes and hands
And brought him in and mourned till set of sun
And buried him, thy fellow, nor did heed
The danger from the king for such a deed.
- Tobit.* And then more trouble came than all before.
I slept that night beside my courtyard wall,
Being unclean from the dead, and as I lay
All night, the sparrows in the courtyard wall
Defiled my eyes and took my sight from me,
And no physicians could give back my sight (*he weeps*).
Then I was nourished by my brother's son,
But he has gone and we are destitute (*he laments*).
- Anna.* Why say you so? Have I not worked for you?
My daily wages keep us all alive.
- Tobit.* Yea, good wife, yea. But once we were set high
And now we are brought low. (*He becomes irritable and unreasonable. A kid is heard crying.*) What sound is that?
- Anna.* It is a kid they gave me. I worked well,
They gave me, over and above my wage,
The kid that you have heard.
- Tobit (angrily).* You mock at me
And scorn my blindness. You have stolen the kid,
What now is all my keeping of the law?
Who ever worshiped God of Israel?
I am made blind aforetime for your sins !
- Anna.* Where are your righteous deeds? Your works are known !
God sends you blindness for your secret sins !
- Tobit.* O, God of Israel, now take my life !
I suffer but reproach here. I will die,
I will go hence and God shall give me peace. (*He weeps.*)
- Anna (relenting).* O, Tobit, Tobit, pardon my hot speech !
Ever you are my lord and ever good,
But chide me not for things I have not done.
Think not that I could steal.
- Tobit.* My love, forgive
The querulous chidings of a blind old man
Who hath no wish to live. Call Tobias.

(Exit ANNA. TOBIT muses. Re-enter ANNA, with Tobias.)

Tobit. Son, when I die, lay me within the grave
As sons should fathers. And when I am gone
Honor your mother ever, as sons should
Do that which pleases her and grieve her not,
Who suffered many dangers for you ere your birth.
Love God and tend the poor; be pure in deed.
Remember the great fathers of our race.
Take not a strange wife; we are prophets' sons,
But one of our own people, dark of hair
And dreaming-eyed, fit mother for your son.
Drink no strong wine to drunkenness; be pure,
Bless God; be mindful of your father's words.

Tobias (in surprise). Father, why do you speak so? Do not fear.
You will not die; you are not old as yet.
Some one shall heal you yet; be not cast down;
Yet will I do your bidding —

Tobit. You must go
To Media and unto Gabael for me,
Where I left money that we sore need now,
And if I should die, it is yours, my son.
Now seek a man to serve thee on the way,
For you art yet too young to go alone.

Tobias. Father, but now is such a one without
And seeking work. He is one of our race,
His eyes are faithful and his hand is strong.

Tobit. Go quick and fetch him, then, and tarry not.

(TOBIAS goes.)

Anna. Oh, if some harm should come there to our son!

Tobit. Nay, woman, have thou faith. Hath he not said
His angels shall he give charge over thee?

(Enter TOBIAS and the ANGEL, with the dog.)

Tobias. Here he is, father.

Anna. Oh, his face is plain!

Tobit. It matters not, wife. Come thou hither, lad (The ANGEL
comes near. TOBIT passes his hands over his face.)

That I may touch you. You are young as yet.

Raphael. But old in knowledge.

- Tobit.* Ay the times are hard,
And exile makes a youth old ere his years.
Your hand is honest, and your mouth is true.
Know you Media?
- Raphael.* Yea, and Gabael.
- Tobit.* How did you know I would say Gabael?
- Raphael.* I spoke of Gabael, for I lodged with him.
- Tobit.* 'Tis very strange. Tell me what tribe you are.
- Raphael.* You asked for service. What would you of tribes?
- Tobit.* Tell me your kindred, brother, and your name.
- Raphael.* My name is Azarias, of your folk,
The son of Ananias, called the great.
- Tobit.* More and more strange — for thou art near of kin.
A good and honest lineage. I myself
Knew Ananias. Seemeth yesterday
Together went we to Jerusalem
To offer tithes and increase — yea, you are
Born of a great stock truly, of my own.
You shall be as my son. But tell me now
What will you have for wages? I will give
A drachma for each day, and all things else
That my son has for comfort on the way,
And if ye come back safe both, I will give
You something further. Go ye now, I bid,
And God shall prosper ye. Start ye at once.
- Anna (weeping).* You shall not go, Tobias. You have sent
Our child away from us, and all for greed.
What is more money unto this, our child?
Lo, I can work, and he will soon be grown.
- Raphael.* Woman, weep not; he shall be safe with me.
- Tobias.* Mother, he is so strange! I am afraid.
- Raphael.* Look, Tobias, we will take the dog with us,
And he shall guard us! Come, we must go!
- Tobit.* Fear not, for with him it may be shall go
God's own good angel. He shall soon return.

(The dog leaps about them as they go.)

SCENE II.

(The same scene. ANNA at the door, watching the road.)

Anna. 'Tis as I told thee. He will not come back.

Tobit. Surely today I thought he would be here
Whatever happened. 'Tis not many days
Past that day that we set for his return.
It may be Gabael is dead and he
Must wait yet for his money.

Anna (angrily). You but talk
Of money ! What care I for that ; or you ?
Or anything now that my son is gone
And never will return ! Light of my eyes,
How did I let thee go ? Now thou art dead.

Tobit. Hush ! He is well. Tomorrow, at the most,
He will come back to us, with Azarias.
Perhaps tonight. Look out there once again
Upon the road. He may be coming now !

Anna. How many times have you sent me to look ?
All day I watch beside the way, all night
I toss upon my bed with wakeful eyes.

Tobit. Ah, could my eyes see, I would trouble not
If they were wakeful !

Anna. But my eyes see naught
Save trouble, save bright dreams that come not true.

Tobit. Nay, look out on the road, for I believe
They shall be gladdened. What do you see there ?

Anna. I see two figures, yet too far away
To know.

Tobit. 'Tis Azarias and our son !

Anna. Think you no other two can walk abroad ?
When yesterday three times two youths went past
You said the same.

Tobit. Look for the young man's dog.
No other would have such —

Anna. Oh, praise to God !

Tobit. What do you see ? The dog ?

Anna. Yea. It is they.

Tobit. O, let me forth. (*He hastens to the door.*)

Anna. Lord, he hath not his staff ! (*TOBIT stumbles.*)

Tobias (catching him). Cheer, father, cheer. (*He throws medicine into his father's eyes.*)

- Tobit.* I see thee, O, my son !
They come around him. (*The ANGEL stands aside.*)
- Tobias.* O, father, I have seen so many things !
- Tobit (chuckling).* Oh, he has grown well-favored ! He is tall !
- Anna.* He is the image of you at his age !
As I have told you ! Now you see yourself !
- Tobit.* 'Tis true, I see. My son, what was the cure ?
- Tobias.* Oh, Azarias can do everything !
There came a great fish that would have swallowed me
When I bathed in the river, but for him,
This is his gall that brought to thee thy sight,
And of his heart and liver I shall tell
A stranger story still, for, lo, of them
He made an incense and thereby cast out
An evil spirit that disturbed my wife —
- Anna and Tobit (together).* Your wife !
- Tobit.* Where is she ?
- Anna.* There, you see, the boy
Hath gotten him a wife !
- Tobit.* Of our own people, son ?
- Tobias.* Yea, father, yea. Oh, she is passing fair !
God of our fathers did work a miracle
That she might be mine. And as Isaac got
A wife from far, that she might be his race
So even I (*he turns to AZARIAS*).
- Raphael.* 'Tis even as he saith.
- Tobias.* Father, she is without. She may come in ?
- Tobit.* Yea, lad —
- Anna.* The house is not fit. Wait a while, I pray !
- Tobit.* Yea, lad, she may come in. The house is fit.
(*TOBIAS opens the door and leads SARAH in.*)
- Tobias.* The God to whom we prayed our marriage night
He is the God of her as God of thee.
We are one people. O bless thou us now !
- Tobit.* I bless thee, O my daughter ! Praised be God !
- Anna.* O, lady, daughter, we shall have a feast
For seven days. We little thought of thee,
Yet shall we feast for thee seven days, no less.
- Tobit.* My son, the young man always served thee well ?

Tobias. Oh, father, he is wonderful past all belief !
I pray thee give him half of all I have.

Tobit. Raphael, come hither. You shall have the half within
For your good service.

Raphael. Magnify the Lord,
I will keep nothing from thee. I have seen
All thy good works, for I was sent from God.
Better than gold thy righteousness, I say,
And I have seen that. For I was with thee
When thou didst give good burial to the dead.
God sent me unto thee to bring thee sight
And all good things. Lo, I am Raphael (*He reveals himself.*)
One of those seven holy angels of the Lord
That bring men's prayers and stand before the throne.

(*They fall on their knees.*)

LONGFELLOW AND GERMAN ROMANCE

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

IN the third number of his 'Hymns to the Night,' Novalis records that once while he was weeping on the grave that had swallowed up his very life, 'alone as no other mortal ever had been alone,' suddenly there had come upon him a kind of shuddery twilight, a new atmosphere, that swept from him forever all desire for day. He stood in a new world, the transfigured world of night. Then through the mist there had appeared to him the glorified figure of his beloved who henceforth was to be an abiding presence, and from that moment he had had 'an eternal, unchanging faith in the heaven of Night.'

It is well known that the death of his betrothed, followed a few weeks later by the death of his favorite brother, made of Novalis a dreamer and a mystic. It swept away from him the boundaries between the worlds of matter and of spirit until he was no longer sure that there were boundaries at all. Henceforth for him the only reality was the unreal. There were to be for him no more sharp outlines; life was to move in a delicious mist, amid the half-seen and the dreamy, in a 'holy, inexpressible, mysterious Night.' Twilight with its grotesqueries and shadows, allowing the imagination free rein, moonlight soft and ethereal, delicious sadness, longing for something vaguely felt yet inexpressible, crumbling ruins, dim cathedrals, the dream-world of mediaevalism—all things where the senses and the reason lose perspective and must be supplemented by the fancy—these became for him the real. Day with its commonplaces was the unreality. In a word, he became a romanticist, and a leader in that strange choir which sang the decadence of the German *Sturm and Drang*.

Almost identical was the experience of our own Longfellow. The shock, the utter bereavement, the unutterable loneliness, the brooding, the vision, the ministry of Night, the mysticism—the parallel is startling. He ran, it is true, into no fantasticisms, he exploited no revolution, he curbed no consuming genius, yet for all that he was the true child of Novalis—mystic, dreamer, poet of the Night. While all about him were the din and the shoutings of a lusty young nation carving with might a new commonwealth from raw Nature herself, he steadfastly held true to his vision, for, says Novalis, 'he who has once stood on earth's borderland and perceived that new country—the dwelling of Night—returns no more to the tumult of life, to the land where light reigns amid ceaseless unrest.'

The year 1836 divides the life of Longfellow as with a knife cut. All that he produced before it when compared with the product of his later pen is as different as if written by another. An earnest, somewhat sentimental youth, never a boy among boys, horizoned only by his father's library, he

had grown up like Hawthorne in a world within a world created by the imagination from fragments of his reading.

College widened his opportunities for knowing books; it did little more. The ancient classics—Homer, Horodotus, Virgil, Horace—impersonal creations that seem as if a part of nature herself not the deliberate work of mere man; the English bards—Milton, Pope, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith—great shadowy names, almost abstractions; and then, all of a sudden, a book with the ink scarce dry, the last numbers not yet written perhaps—‘The Sketch Book,’ marvellously modern, marvellously beautiful, the work of one who was an American and a contemporary—it set his pulse to running. He records that he ‘read each succeeding number with ever-increasing wonder and delight, spellbound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie—nay even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style.’ Following hard upon it had come that chaste little book of poems by Bryant, then ‘The Spy’ by Cooper, that first ‘seller’ among American novels.

Authorship at least had become a concrete thing in the young student’s mind. He, too, would make books. And it was now that he began to dream of a wider horizon; to turn with longing toward that vague land over which Irving had thrown his haze of romance. ‘If I were in England now,’ writes the college Junior, ‘(and I have been wishing myself there all the day long so warmly that if my wishes could but turn to realities I should have been there), I should become a bacchanalian for a while. I do not believe that any person can read the fifth number of the Sketch-Book without feeling at least, if not expressing, a wish similar to my own.’ But Europe and literature were utterly out of the question. The father was in only moderate circumstances, and he had, moreover, a supply of hard-headed Yankee wisdom. ‘A literary life,’ he wrote the ambitious Senior, ‘to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant, but there is not enough wealth in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men.’ It was time for the boy to settle down to the studying of his profession. A time there was of heart-burning, and mild rebellion, but there was no help for it. The young graduate settled down to the study of the law with no prospects save those that concerned the humdrum of his deeds and conveyances and routine of the law office.

Then like a flash out of clear sky came the miracle. Where else can you find a little, struggling country college sending a boy of nineteen to Europe to fit him for a chair in an utterly new subject, one that even Harvard has only just recognized? But no such thoughts engaged the youth. Away he sailed into the land of his dreams, into the region that the ‘Sketch-Book’ had made for him ‘a kind of Holy Land lying far off beyond the blue horizon of the ocean.’

For three years he wandered over enchanted ground—France, Spain, Italy, Germany, England—a *Wunderreise*, a kind of glorified day-dream come true. He came back an enthusiast, an interpreter, a missionary. There had been no single overmastering impression, but a broadening, a revealing, an educating in the broadest sense. His travel had come at the precise moment in his life when it could be most effective. It had taken from him the Puritan narrowness and intolerance that had been his birthright, and it had given him horizon, perspective, and degrees of comparison.

For the next six years he moved amid an atmosphere of perpetual wonder and mild excitement. To talk with him, to listen to his glowing lectures, even to sit in his class-room, was to get a veritable whiff from that old world which to the little provincial village was so far-off and wonderful. He began his work at Bowdoin as one opens a mission in a heathen land. He threw himself into the work with all the enthusiasm of youth. There were no adequate text-books—grammars, readers for learners of French, Spanish, Italian. He would make them himself. He gave voluntary courses of lectures; he taught with unction and conviction. Bowdoin was too small for his mission work; he would broaden his field. He wrote studies and introductions and appreciations of the Romance languages and sent them abroad to his countrymen in the best review that America then possessed.

But the vision that had come to him in boyhood over those gray-brown numbers of the 'Sketch-Book' was not forgotten amid all this mission work. He, too, would be an Irving; he, too, would issue books in numbers with shaded letter titles and fair, clear print. Even while he had been in Gottingen he had outlined his literary plans—a series of sketches all after the 'Sketch-Book' pattern. Poetry, after his first few echoes of Bryant, he had laid aside; his vocation was to be prose. 'I am writing a book,' he confides to Greene, during the fourth year at Bowdoin; 'a kind of Sketch-Book of France, Spain, Germany and Italy.' The book was 'Outre Mer,' half Spain, a little of Italy, and the rest French. It was, indeed, a kind of 'Sketch Book'; it even appeared in numbers with 'gray-brown covers,' 'shaded letter titles, and fair clear type.' Irving speaks from every chapter; a shadowy, emaciated Irving to be sure, stripped of much of his 'pleasant humor,' his 'melancholy tenderness,' his 'atmosphere of reverie;' yet unmistakably Irving. It was a young man's book full of high spirits, didactic, 'flowery,' at times even inflated; every book is a 'tome,' every clock is a 'horologue,' 'every goose a swan, and every lass a queen.' In the history of American literature it has little significance; it was simply one of the swarm of books that buzzed for a time about the 'Sketch-Book.' It is worth noting, perhaps, that the same year that witnessed its publication in book form produced also Cooper's 'Sketches in Switzerland,' Willis's 'Pencillings by the Way,' and Tuckerman's 'Italian Sketch-Book.'

This, then, was the Longfellow who, in April, 1835, in his twenty-ninth year, started joyously with his young wife for his second *Lehrjahre*. The world was good; he had been called to Harvard, to the most influential chair of modern languages in America; his mission field had been increased a thousand fold. The world was good. It was quite another Longfellow who, late the next year, came back alone and took up a solitary residence among strangers at Cambridge. On November 29th his wife had died at Rotterdam.

We know very little of this crisis in the poet's life. With a brother's delicacy his biographer passes over it with five lines. What it meant in a foreign land, then immeasurably more foreign than today, among utter strangers, in strange surroundings, alone, we can imagine. Four days after her death, with her last words in his ears, 'O, Henry, do not forget me. I will be with you and watch over you,' he was again on his wanderings. 'All that I have left me,' he cried, 'is the memory of her goodness, her gentleness, her affection for me.' Hardly caring what he did, he pushed on to Heidelberg as he had planned, and tried to drown his memory in work.

Then came the second blow even as it had come to Novalis—the death of his brother-in-law, his dearest friend. It is from this point that we trace the beginning of the later Longfellow. He was alone. 'Oh, George,' he writes to his friend Greene, 'what have I not suffered during the last three months, and I have no friend to cheer and console me.' His solitude, his brooding, his natural sentimentality drove him in upon his own soul; the image of his lost one was ever before him. 'Hardly a day passes,' he wrote a year later, 'that some face, or familiar object, or some passage in the book I am reading, does not call up the image of my beloved wife so vividly that I pause and burst into tears—and sometimes cannot rally again for hours.'

Everything was turning him to romanticism; his naturally subjective, sentimental temperament; his mystic tendencies, heritage of all descendants of Puritans; his wrought and receptive condition; his utter loneliness; the old mediaeval town with its castle ruin; the romantic nooks and groves and legends; the opening springtime with all its German softness and beauty; and, above all, the atmosphere of romantic poetry that was shimmering all about him. No wonder that the world lost its sharp outlines; that the unseen drew nearer, that the misty past became the reality; that dreams and longings dominated at length his soul.

The life of the poet by his brother, that book of strange omissions, is almost silent here. We see little of the processes which, during those months at Heidelberg, made of Longfellow the poet that we know. The biographer's comment implies a copious journal, or, at least, a wealth of self-revealing letters, but we are allowed to see nothing, though otherwise it is impossible fully to know the poet.

We do know, however, that during the winter and spring he read almost incessantly, and that his favorite authors were from that romantic school which even then was still dominating German literature. In Bonn, we know, he had met personally the venerable A. W. Schlegel, and had conversed with him. We know that he read fully the prose of Goethe, Tieck, Hoffman, and Jean Paul. 'Many hours were spent in solitary rambles in the neighboring woods . . . In sketching among the castle ruins, or enjoying the magnificent views from its terraces. Under the garden trees he read Herder. Sitting on the benches of the road that climbs to the Wolfsbrunnen, Richter's *Kampaner Thal* is his companion.' Hyperion reveals fully the nature of his reading during this period. He was familiar with Tieck's 'Urania,' Bettina Arnim's 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child,' Arnim's and Brentano's 'Boy's Wonder-Horn,' Novalis's 'Henry of Ofterdingen,' Hoffman's 'Tales,' Fichte's 'Destiny of Man,' Schubert's 'History of the Soul,' Goethe's 'Faust,' Muller's 'Songs of a Wandering Horn Player,' Jean Paul's 'Titan,' Uhland's 'Poems,' Werner's 'Dramas,' Tieck's 'Poems,' Carove's 'Story Without an End,' Salis' and Matthison's 'Lyrics.' These, save some few casual allusions, are all the writers mentioned and criticised in 'Hyperion,' and it is notable that with the single exception of Goethe, they belong, all of them, to the romantic group. It is almost a roll-call of the school.

The influences that were shaping the new poet did not end with the months at Heidelberg. The lonely journey into Switzerland, with Uhland in his pocket, the meeting with Frances Appleton at Interlachen, the solitary room in the old Cragie House at Cambridge, the continued reading of Goethe, Jean Paul, Tieck, Hoffman, the brooding and dreaming over 'Hyperion'—the three years from that November day at Rotterdam were the crucible from which emerged the Longfellow which we know. 'Most of the time I am alone,' he writes to Greene two years after his return. 'I want to travel. Am too excited, too tumultuous inwardly and my health suffers.' He records in his journal September 8, 1838: 'Moped and groped about unwell. Dejected—no sunshine in the soul.' His college work no longer inspired him. At Bowdoin he had written, 'I am delighted more and more with the profession I have chosen . . . I have such an engrossing interest in the studies of my profession that I write very seldom except in connection with those studies.' Now he complains constantly of interruptions, of having his mind a playmate for boys. 'This dragooning of schoolboys in lessons is like going backward.' He longs for the evening hours when, with no one to disturb him, he can read and write and dream deliciously of the world he loves.

To get the full meaning of this period in Longfellow's life we have only to read 'Hyperion,' which was published in July, 1839. The events of the romance may be 'mostly fictitious' even as the author declared to Greene;

but the events are the smallest part of 'Hyperion.' 'It contains my cherished thoughts for three years,' he declares; he might have said: It contains my naked soul. The shock, the brooding, the unutterable longing and heart-hunger, the vision of angels, the ministry of Night, the shadow-land of the romantic poets, the new love, the struggle of this love with the spectre of the past—it is all here.

The Longfellow of 'Outre Mer' and the Bowdoin days is a thing of the far past. The book is a German book, like a translation of one of those thousand shoots that sprang up about the trunk of 'Wilhelm Meister.' Even the conception of the book is German and romantic. Hölderlin had written the first 'Hyperion,' so naming it, he explains, because he stood 'like the geese, flat-footed in the water of modernity, impotently endeavoring to wing his flight upward toward the Greek heaven.' Like all the Tieck-Richter romances Longfellow's book is a rambling, chaotic creation, full of Jean Paul interludes and digressions, with the slenderest thread of plot, and without climax or dramatic force. In every way is it typical of its class. Everywhere romance; atmosphere above all: 'the mingling of daylight and starlight,' 'a dreamy, yearning, ideal indistinctness.' We can visualize nothing. The heroine, after two pages of description, is simply voice and eyes. It is a book written at night to be read 'the evening having come and the tall candles being lighted,'—a book without predecessors on this side the water, an exotic, a pale and marvellous night-moth that has fluttered over somehow from the ruins of the old world. Everywhere night scenes and twilight. The plot moves, when it moves at all, from moonlight to moonlight. To get its atmosphere, read of Emma of Ilmenau, who shunned 'the glare of daylight and society, and wished to be alone. Like the evening primrose, her heart opened only after sunset; but bloomed through the dark night with sweet fragrance.'

Longfellow wrote the book with a purpose. 'It is a sincere book,' he writes Greene, to whom, more than to anyone else, he confided his inner life, 'showing the passage of a morbid mind into a purer and healthier state.' To find what this morbid mind was we have only to read the chapter entitled 'The Fountain of Oblivion.' Here the student Hieronymus, who has suddenly been dazzled by the beautiful Hermione, until, like one who has looked at the sun, he can see nothing else, thinks to drown his new love in the Fountain of Oblivion. As he stood and gazed into its waters 'he beheld far down in their silent depths, dim and ill-defined outlines, waving to and fro, like the folds of a white garment in the twilight. Then more distinct and permanent shapes arose—shapes familiar to his mind, yet forgotten and remembered again, as the fragments of a dream; till at length, far, far below him, he beheld the great City of the Past, with silent marble streets, and moss-grown walls, and spires uprising with a wave-like, flickering motion. And amid the crowd that thronged those streets, he beheld

faces once familiar and dear to him; and heard sorrowful, sweet voices singing, O, forget us not! forget us not! and then the distant mournful sound of funeral bells, that were tolling below, in the City of the Past.' But despite this call from the old days he is powerless to surrender his new love, and the struggle between the quick and the dead goes on. Even at the close nothing is settled. The hero does, indeed, during the last few pages, resolve no more to look 'mournfully into the past,' 'to be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows,' but it comes as a swift impulse, a mere mood. The book shows no gradual growth of character, no steady leading up to this crisis. There is effect, but no cause. There can be no transformation of soul at the mere sight of an epitaph.

All through this period we find evidences of a struggle in the poet's life—a wrestling, not only with the new love that confronted the jealous past, but with the moodiness, the aimlessness, the idle dreaming, the vain regrets which had begun during those solitary months at Heidelberg. His Puritan conscience and the teaching of the later Goethe were protesting against mere dreaming, and moonlight, and lack of definite aim. That Longfellow was inclined to moodiness and dreaming, with a tendency even to the purposeless, we have only to read his journals to know. He was, indeed, the Mr. Churchill of his own 'Kavanagh,'—'a dreamy, poetic man.' 'Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he would have written poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs, which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea, that plays with the pebbles on the beach.' And after years the old schoolmaster had done nothing—'the same dreams, the same longings, the same aspirations, the same indecision . . . While he mused the fire burned in other brains.' This is the picture of the true romanticist, of a Brentano or a Tieck,—it is the confession of a weakness of the whole school.

Against this extreme Longfellow had constantly to struggle. He wrote the 'Psalm of Life' with the same quill that had produced that penultimate chapter of 'Hyperion,' and the inspiration of both was the same. He first made public the poem during a lecture on Goethe—doubtless to illustrate the spirit of 'Wilhelm Meister.' Goethe, too, had had his period of dreaming, of melancholy, of irresolution. 'That the life of man is but a dream,' he had written in 'The Sorrows of Werther,' 'has come into many a head; and with me, too, some feeling of that sort is ever at work.' But the Goethe of the 'Wilhelm Meister' period is another man. Life is no longer a dream, but a place for work. Be self-reliant, self-forgetful, he cries, away with introspection and morbid dreams:

'Life's no resting, but a moving,
Let thy life be deed on deed.'

He could say now to the Werther of his youth:

'Once more then, much-wept shadow, dost thou dare
Boldly to face the day's clear light,
To meet me on fresh blooming meadows fair,
And dost not tremble at my sight?

* * * * *

'Act, then, as I, and look with joyous mind,
The moment in the face; nor linger thou!
Meet it with speed, so fraught with life, so kind
In action, and in love so radiant now.'

The very soul of 'Wilhelm Meister' is the message, 'art is long, life is short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient—therefore, be doing.'

'Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam!
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit
We are gay whate'er betide;
To give space for wandering, is it
That the world was made so wide.'

The message came to Longfellow, as, indeed, it had come to all Europe, like a breath from the living North. Frederick Schlegel expressed his belief that the nineteenth century was molded by three great tendencies: Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre*, Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' and the French Revolution, and there's a grain of truth in it.

It was this ringing message of action, of stirring self-reliance, this challenge of the aimlessness, the idle dreamings, the sentimentality of the age, that Longfellow put into verse for his own soul discipline. His first intent was that it should be for no eyes but his own. Read, with this thought in mind, 'The Psalm of Life' becomes immediately significant. There is no haziness about even the first stanza, though I believe a prize was once offered to anyone who could interpret the stanza, and no one succeeded in winning it. The poem is everywhere full of crudeness. But, despite defects, the poem marks a crisis in Longfellow's life, and, in some ways, a crisis in American thinking. This is the substance of what he wrote:

Life's no time for dreams; the soul that simply slumbers and dreams is

not living at all. The world, it is true, seems to me to be a mere shadow or dream even as it did to Werther, but it is not—('things are not what they seem') life is real. Art is long; life is short — act; look the moment in the face. It is not for me to muse idly on the future, building castles, nor to be the slave of the past. It is for me to be up and doing today.

It was the first real breaking of the spirit of 'Wilhelm Meister' on our shores, and it quickened the heart-beat of the nation. In an era of sentimentalism, of Wertherism, of Byronism, of graveyardism—Wendell suggests as a general name for Bryant's works 'Glimpses of the Grave.' It came, indeed, as the clash of steel. No wonder it gripped the American conscience, even as it had stirred Germany and Europe.

It was not in poetry, however, that the Longfellow of the Heidelberg era sought to express himself publicly. Months after the issue of 'Hyperion' he was doubtful as to his work. 'Meditating what I shall do next. Shall it be two volumes more of Hyperion, or a drama on Cotton Mather?' Poetry he had reserved for expressing his own innermost soul. What he wrote was for no other eye. The earliest stammer of his new mood he had written during that first solitary winter at Cambridge, a Novalisque lyric confided a year later to his journal, and then, later still, after the startling success of 'The Psalm of Life,' given to the public as 'The Footsteps of Angels.' One cannot understand the later Longfellow without careful study of this earliest of his lyrics. I shall quote it entire in its earlier version; it brings us nearer to the poet:

'When the hours of day are numbered,
And the soul-like voice of night
Wakes the better soul that slumbered
To a holy calm delight;

'Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like spectres grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall,

'Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The belov'd ones, the true-hearted
Come to sit with me once more.

'And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

'With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes she like a shape divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

'And she sits and gazes at me,
With her deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.'

Here we have the very soul of Novalis. The life of the night has become the only real life. Day is the unreality; the 'better soul' sleeps until the twilight comes. As with Novalis the partitions between the material and the spirit world have all but vanished. Again and again do we catch this note in Longfellow:

'Have I dreamed or was it real
What I saw as in a vision,
When to marches hymeneal
In the land of the ideal.
Moved my thoughts o'er fields Elysian?'

The two worlds of waking and of dreaming, of flesh and of spirit, lie very close together in Longfellow's poems. There is no need to give a list: 'Haunted Houses,' 'Song of the Silent Land,' 'The Two Angels,' 'The Haunted Chamber,' '*Auf Wiedersehen*,' are enough to illustrate. Years later, after his early romanticism had become modified somewhat, the poet could still say, it is at night that the better life begins; the day is the time for phantoms and ghosts, not the night; the things of day are trivial and commonplace, and without the reality of night, life would be unendurable.

'Into the darkness and the hush of night
Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,
And with it fades the phantoms of the day,
The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.
The crowd, the clamor, the pursuit, the flight,
The unprofitable splendor and display,
The agitations and the cares that prey
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.
The better life begins; the world no more
Molests us; all its records we erase
From the dull commonplace book of our lives,
That like a palimpsest is written o'er
With trivial incidents of time and place,
And, lo! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.'

The success of the 'Psalm of Life' and the few lyrics that had followed it, joined with the importunities of his friends, induced Longfellow, late in the year 1839, to issue a collection of his lyrics and translations. The very title, 'Voices of the Night,' is significant. It was two books in one: the Bryantesque poems, and the translations of the early Longfellow, and the psalms and translations of the Heidelberg poet. The nine original poems are the soul of the book, and they are saturated through and through with the soft shades of German romanticism. The 'Prologue,' which opens the collection with a bit of Tieck's *Waldeinsamkeit*, finds the poet amid the shadows of a solemn and silent wood, dreaming under a patriarchal tree. He determines that hereafter his songs must be not of the external and the objective, things of the daylight, but of the world within him, and the solemn voices of the night. In the next poem we are in the full current of romanticism: 'the manifold, soft chimes that fill the haunted chambers of the night'; 'from the cool silence of the midnight air, my spirit drank repose'; and

'Oh, holy night, from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before;
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care
And they complain no more.'

It is in the self-same key as the 'Hymns to the Night': 'But sacred Night, with her unspoken mysteries draws me to her . . . Dost thou not feel pity for us, O, holy Night? . . . My whole being awakes. I am thine and thou are mine. Night has aroused me to life and manhood.' It is a dominant note in Longfellow: 'The Light of the Stars,' 'The Beleaguered City,' 'I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight,' 'The Day is Done,' 'The Rainy Day,' 'Daylight and Moonlight,' 'Afternoon in February,' 'Curfew,' 'The Wind Over the Chimney' — their spirit pervades like an atmosphere all of the poet's work.

It was this element that gave to Longfellow his instant popularity, both in America and in England. The people were ready for the 'sadness and longing,' and the dreamy mysticism of the German school. They had been prepared by the sentimentalism of Byron and Moore, by the mediaevalism of Scott, by the lacrimose poets, by 'The Sorrows of Werther.' Germany had had no small influence in molding the English writings of the early century, but it had been the Germany of Bürger and the *Sturm und Drang*. It had touched Scott and Coleridge and Byron, but none of them, even Coleridge, had cared much for Tieck. The work of the '*Spatromantiker*,' especially the softened romance of Uhland, had come not at all to English and American readers. It was brought in by Longfellow as something utterly new. Not that he did it deliberately or even consciously. He brought

it not because it had appealed to his fancy, or because it had seemed a pleasing acquisition to display to his countrymen, but because it had become a veritable part of himself. He sang it even as Salis and Uhland had done, because his new soul had had in Germany its birth and its beginning. It was romanticism, but it was far removed from that of the first, wild Frederick Schlegel type, that worshipped the moon, loved its neighbor's wife, and joined the Catholic church; it was of the later school — dreamy and meditative, full of delicious sadness and longing, of subdued mediaevalism, of vagueness and hazy outline, of 'old forgotten, far-off things and battles long alone,'—in a word, the romanticism of Uhland.

It was inevitable that the poet sooner or later should have essayed the ballad, that literary form so peculiarly the province of romanticism. He had read Arnim and Brentano with eagerness. 'The boy's "Wonder-Horn,"' he exclaims in 'Hyperion.' 'I know the book almost by heart. Of all your German books, it is the one which produces upon my imagination the most wild and magic influence. I have a passion for ballads . . . They are the gypsy children of song, born under green hedge-rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature — in the genial summertime.'

Ballads, indeed, had been almost his first thought when he looked about him for poetic material during that first period at Cambridge. 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' was the fifth poem that he wrote. 'I have been looking at the old northern sagas,' he confides to his journal in 1838, 'and thinking of a series of ballads or a romantic poem on the deeds of the first bold Viking who crossed to this western world, with storm spirits and devil machinery under water.' He proposed to Hawthorne that they collaborate in Arnim-Brentano style for the production of a collection of marvellous fairy tales and ballads for boys.

The proposal to Hawthorne was evidently a mere impulse. Soon after we find Hawthorne writing, 'You refuse to let me blow a blast upon the "Wonder Horn."' Assuredly you have a right to make all the music on your own instrument; but I should serve you right were I to set up an opposition — for instance, with a cornstalk fiddle or a pumpkinvine trumpet.' Hawthorne's threatened trumpet gave out at length the well-known 'Wonder Book,' and Longfellow's blast was the 'Ballads and other Poems' of 1841.

The horn rang at frequent intervals during all the rest of the poet's life. 'The Norman Baron,' 'Walter von der Vogelweid,' 'The Phantom Ship,' 'The Emperor's Bird's Nest,' 'Oliver Basselin,' 'Victor Galbraith,' 'A Ballad of the Dutch Fleet' — they all have the true ballad ring; they might be translations from Uhland. Their charm lies in their simplicity, their haunting melody, their human interest, their dreamy indistinctness, their echoes of the dim past. They are romantic in their every line; they have nothing American about them. 'The wreck of the Hesperus' might

have happened in the North Sea, and Paul Revere's ride with a change of names might have been an episode of the German wars.

What Longfellow was after the publication of this second volume of poems he remained. His third residence in Germany in 1842 deepened his romanticism, but it did not modify it. He had discovered his vocation. The sudden and widespread popularity of his poetry had first astonished and then sobered him. The voice of the people was unmistakable, and it was like a call from on high. No more prose, — life was poesy. 'I have been giving as much time as possible to the young poets,' he writes from Mariensberg. He had found Freiligrath and had spent many delicious days with him in his romantic home on the Rhine. Young Germany attracted him not at all; he was of Uhland and the Rhine, not of Heine.

He came home to write 'The Belfry of Bruges' and 'Nuremberg,' poems breathing romanticism from every line. The very choice of Nuremberg as the subject of a poem is enough to classify the poet, for was not that dreamy old city, 'that pearl of the middle ages,' the very apotheosis of romanticism? When Tieck and Wackenroder traveled together over Germany, they had entered the old town in a sort of dream. 'In a species of æsthetic intoxication,' says Brandes, 'the friends wandered around the churches and the graveyards; they stood by the grave of Albert Dürer and Hans Sachs; a vanished world arose before their eyes, and the life of ancient Nuremberg became to them the romance of art.' It became in a way the capital city of the romantic movement, and all that it was to those early dreamers Longfellow has caught in his poem:

'Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

'Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old.

'Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave those mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

'Not thy councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler bard.'

This yearning for the ideal, this turning away from the commonplace present to the vague mediaeval world where fancy and the imagination may foot it free, is the very life of romanticism. But the later German School softened its pictures of the Middle Ages. It delighted in sentimental musings amid the ruins, in pathetic legend, in dreamy pictures of monks and harpers and knights and radiant maidens with soft

blue eyes. Heine, the harshest critic of the school, declared that in Uhland's writings 'the naive, rude, powerful tones of the Middle Ages are not reproduced with idealized fidelity, but rather they are dissolved into a sickly, sentimental melancholy'. Nearly half of Longfellow's poems are mediæval in background, and it is the mediævalism of Uhland. In work like 'The Golden Legend', an adaptation of '*Der Arme Heinrich*', he is at his best. Its atmosphere from beginning to end is that which plays over all of his most characteristic work, — soft melancholy, vague yearnings, feeling above everything. To G. P. R. James the poem resembled 'an old ruin with the ivy and the rich blue mold upon it.' It is rather the dream of a monk over his rubrics.

It is but natural that the Romish church with its traditions and its impressive ceremonials and institutions should appeal strongly to the poet, as it did to all of his school. He drew upon it constantly for his imagery and his epithets: 'the owl is a grave bird; a monk, who chants midnight mass in the great temple of nature'; the old clock on the stairs is also 'a monk, who, crosses himself and sighs, Alas.'

'The winds like anthems roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, 'Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, pray!

'And the hooded clouds like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

Indeed to read the poet is like entering some ancient Gothic cathedral with its subdued light, its half-crumbled monuments of crusaders, its softly murmuring organ, its shuddery vaults with the bones of maidens, its slow procession of chanting monks, its coolness and its mystery.

Touch Longfellow where you will and you will find the German romance. It shows itself in his devotion to Dante, that mystic of mystics, that 'spokesman of the Middle Ages.'

'I enter and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet Saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume,
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravennas groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.

'From the confessionals I hear arise
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies
 And lamentations from the crypts below;
 And then a voice celestial that begins
 With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
 As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow." '

In his Fichte-drawn message of consolation, — be resigned, all is Providence; in his choice of material, the same spirit appears.

'The romatic school,' says Beers, 'sought to reinforce its native stock of materials by *motifs* drawn from foreign literatures, and particularly from Norse mythology and from Spanish romance.' In his passion for northern myth Longfellow surpassed even Schlegel and Uhland. His translations and adaptations and above all his 'Hiawatha,' that 'Indian edda' as he called it, that poem which gives not only the metre but the very atmosphere and soul of the Finnish 'Kalevala,' attest this. For his fondness for Spanish romance one has only to read his earliest drama.

Romanticism is only another name for youth and aspiration. With the middle years of life the colors fade; the vague melancholy which somehow is inseparable from young manhood, is forgotten; experience disciplines the imagination; life takes on more restrained and sober moods. Uhland ceased to sing long before middle life; Heine was a romanticist only during his early years. Longfellow's distinctively romatic period was over before 1849. It was then that he began to think of the larger art, and to plan a 'tower of song with lofty parapet'.

But it is not the work of this latter period tinged with romanticism even as it is, that stands to-day in the popular mind as Longfellow. It is the little handful of lyrics written near the year 1840 that the world at large now associates with his name. The dramas, the later lyrics, the 'Christus,' even the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' are unknown to the man in the street, but he knows 'The Psalm of Life' and 'The Bridge.' A college class of two hundred men, asked recently to write without preparation each a list of the poems of Longfellow, handed in altogether only thirty titles, and these in the order of frequency of mention were: 'Evangeline,' 'Hiawatha,' 'Miles Standish,' 'The Village Blacksmith,' 'The Psalm of Life,' 'The Children's Hour,' 'Paul Revere's Ride,' 'The Building of the Ship,' 'The Day is Done,' 'The Bridge,' 'The Skeleton in Armor,' 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' 'The Old Clock on the Stairs,' 'The Rainy Day,' 'Excelsior,' 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' 'The Footsteps of Angels,' 'The Arrow and the Song,' 'Resignation,' 'The Arsenal at Springfield' and 'Maidenhood.' The rest were scattering. Of this list only 'Hiawatha,' 'Miles Standish,' 'The Children's Hour,' and 'Paul Revere's Ride' were written after 1849. The list is suggestive. This is Longfellow as

the people know him, but this is also the Longfellow of the Heidelberg vision—the Longfellow of unchecked German romance. It was this very element that gave him his popularity. The age was revolting against sentimentalism, but it caught eagerly at the new tone of soft melancholy, of melodious pathos, of idealized antiquity, of *genre* art, of mysticism subdued by Goethe, — in a word, it caught eagerly at German romanticism for the first time whispering its haunting music in English ears.

Longfellow was distinctively a lyrist. Although half of all his original poetry is in dramatic form, he was far from being a dramatist as was Uhland, who also wrote dramas. The drama requires action, plot, absolute definiteness, — distinctness first of all. There must be evolution of character, cause and effect, a steady and irresistible march of events toward the final culmination. It must deal too with intensely individualized figures that stand out objectively against a background that does not dominate or distract. But Longfellow was first of all subjective; he saw through the lens of his own soul,—shadowy etherial beings; he could tell of his own emotions, and aspirations and longings, but he was powerless like all of the romantic poets to view life objectively, to paint sharp outlines, to work step by step to an inevitable climax.

He came the nearest to success in 'The Spanish Student,' but even this is essentially lyric. It is a young man's dream, full of romantic sentiment, of effects without cause, of vague characterization, — charming situations rather than dramatic development. To quote a criticism on Tieck, 'all its author's care is lavished upon what he calls the climate of events, their atmosphere and fragrance, tone and color, the mood they inspired, the shadow they cast, the light in which they are seen, which is invariably that of the moon.' Longfellow's poetic works fill nine volumes, yet if his lyrics were published alone they would fill scarce one, — a remarkable fact when we consider that he was a lyrist only, a lyrist as preeminently as was Salis or Ronsard. He is at his best only in the poetry of moments, of moods, of the individual soul. And of all his lyrics the most spontaneous and genuine are his sonnets the work almost wholly of his later years, and it is because they welled from his own heart and are not like so much that he wrote 'poetry to the second power,' — poetry about poetry.

Longfellow, then, was a lyrist of the German romantic school. Like Uhland he felt rather than saw.

Hawthorne could not use the material for 'Evangeline,' it was too vague and dispersive to grip his imagination. To Longfellow it was simply pathos; he could feel it and that was enough. He never visited Acadia, or the Mississippi, or the Fall of Minnehaha, — there was no need of it. Hölderlin had never visited Greece before he wrote his 'Hyperion' with chapter after chapter of description. To have made the visit might have spoiled the picture. Realism, truth to actual externals, even to the historical

facts in the case amounted to little in Longfellow's scheme. It was the atmosphere and the feeling that counted. He cared only to call up the *marchenwelt* with the golden mist over it, with its delicious sadness, and its pathetic human figure dimly seen, and the result is a book that has been wept over by two generations of school-girls. The heroine Evangeline, is a mere abstraction impossible to visualize. Heine declared that 'the women in Uhland's poems are only beautiful shadows, embodied moonshine.' 'French romanticism' says Brandes, 'produces clearly defined figures; the ideal of German romanticism is not a figure but a melody, not definite form but indefinite aspiration.' Evangeline is a feminine Heinrich von Ofterdingen, seeking the world over for the blue flower, and losing it in the end just when it seemed in her grasp.

And it is so of 'Hiawatha.' It is romantic through and through, unreal even to ghostliness, touching the actual world only here and there. Its atmosphere and its melody are everything, — moonlight, starlight, romantic love, the days that are forgotten, and over all sentiment and pathos. The Indians are in reality monks and mediæval knights and first cousins to the gods of northern mythology,

Downward through the evening twilight
In the day that are forgotten
In the unremembered ages
From the full moon fell Nokomis
Fell the beautiful Nokomis
She a wife, but not a mother.

Downward through the evening twilight
On the muiskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
'See! a star falls!' said the people
From the sky a star is falling.

There among the ferns and mosses
There among the prairie lilies
On the muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter
And she called her name Wenonah
As the first-born of her daughters
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight
With the beauty of the starlight.'

A vague dream it is of fairy land, of monsters and marvels, the fancies of a childlike people, — and its main charm is 'the moonlight and the starlight' the soft Indian summer that envelops it like a haze. But as Ibsen said of Schiller's '*Jungfrau*,' 'there is no experience in it. It is not the result of powerful personal impressions, but is a composition.'

And this brings us to the main criticism that must be made of all the romantic school: their work is the result of conscious intention. The *Sturn und Drang* of a literature is expulsive, creative, unconscious. The poet works like Bürger and Burns and Whittier because he must, but the romancers, as Goethe has well expressed it, live 'in a period of forced talent.' All but a few of Longfellow's poems and those his sonnets were written with books face down about his writing pad. He prized translation since it acted as a stimulant. 'It stirs up germs of thought.' Imagine Burns or Bürger or Keats saying this. As a result his work 'induces,' as Emerson expressed it, 'a serene mood.' Seldom do we feel the heart beat faster and suddenly hold our breaths as we catch glimpses of new worlds. All is melodious and serene, in an atmosphere of delicious twilight, — and the atmosphere and the melody are everything.

His poetry is really American only in its themes. He cared little for the prosaic, bustling life of his native land; his heart was elsewhere. None of our writers traveled so little in their own country; aside from one trip to Washington he never got further west than New York. He looked eastward rather than westward; the study in the old Craigue house had only eastern windows. The burning problems, the fiery struggle of the fortys and fiftys really bored him at times. 'Dined with Agassiz to meet Emerson and others,' he writes in his journal in that tumultuous year 1856. 'I was amused and annoyed to see how soon the conversation drifted off into politics. It was not till after dinner in the library, that we got upon anything really interesting.' It is like Dumas' turning from the subject of tailors' bills and rents and the cost of living to that of romance with the remark 'let us now turn to real life.' With Sumner, that flame of fire, for his bosom friend, it was impossible for the poet to be wholly indifferent to passing events; he could even write a few graceful and colorless lyrics on slavery that are to Whittier's as water to aqua regia, yet he seems never to have caught the full thrill and meaning of the land and the age in which his life had been cast. He remained to the last the gentle, lovable, monkish scholar, content with his friends and his dreams of olden times, oblivious of the fact that a mighty epic was enacting at his very door.

He is our Jean Paul, 'the beloved,' with his cheery optimism, his belief in the worth of the individual, his *genre* pictures, his soft dreamy idyls, his Fichte message of resignation; and he is our Uhland with his half lights, his softened mysticism, his mediæval atmosphere, his serene level of ex-

cellence. At to whether or not his great influence upon the common people at the moment when they were at their most receptive stage was altogether good, is open to question. When America like a school girl was hungering for culture and for poetry, Longfellow gave German romance and he gave little else. He came at the only moment in our history when he could have had a full hearing, or at least at the only moment when he could have been given the leading place to the exclusion of all others. May it not be possible that the present lack of stamina in our later poetry is an effect of this cause?

But it is vain to speculate; whatever we may say Longfellow's place is secure. He will be our beloved poet, just as Uhland and Jean Paul are beloved. His lyrics of consolation will still console the feminine heart though they contain only Fichte set to melody and moonlight. But his influence upon the future cannot be a large one. America and the world have outgrown German romanticism. Lowell wrote young Howells: 'You must sweat the Heine out of you as men do mercury;' the young poet of the new century must sweat out Longfellow. We demand to-day not vagueness but sharpness of outline. Full and clear comes the demand: show us life, tell us the truth of life in the concrete, in words that bite and burn. The office of the poet no longer is merely to please, to induce a serene mood. Mere fancy and prettiness, mere conceits and melody, mere atmosphere, mere traditions soft with the years, and longings and dreamings no longer satisfy. The poet is the seer: it is for him to look beyond the day and the year; to voice the truth of our own times, of our own selves, of our native land, and of the years that are yet to be.

A ROMAN ADVOCATE OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

BY ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT

CONTENTED with little,' 'happy in your lot,' 'scorn great possessions.' 'Those who seek much lack much.' 'What you seek is here.' 'Those who journey across the ocean change their skies not their disposition.' Such pregnant phrases epitomize the every-day philosophy of a Roman who gave to the Augustan Age the watchword of the simple life.

Poet, not preacher, man of the world, not ascetic, Quintus Horatius Flaccus was not by position forced to advocate the more excellent way which he set forth. Indeed the temptations which beset him to the opposite life were multiplex. He had risen rapidly from low birth to distinction, the son of a freedman who had once been a slave becoming before thirty-five the friend of a Vergil, greatest of living poets, and of a Mæcenas, first diplomatist in Rome's new Empire; had early too received marks of signal favor from the great men of the time, being made a military tribune in Brutus's army at Philippi, when the last bugle-call of the Republic summoned the young patriot from his philosophical studies at Athens to arms. And such rapid advancement might easily have turned his mind to excessive valuation of social position or official prestige.

Indeed, the young poet drops hints of these dangers. When a jealous fellow in the crowd at Rome, jostled by Horace in his haste, cries out: 'You would knock down everything in your way if you suddenly remembered an engagement with Mæcenas,' Horace says frankly: 'This gives me joy; this is honey to me. I will not deny it.' (Sat ii: 6, 30-32) And he lets his slave tell us that if Mæcenas sends him even a late invitation to dinner, he hurries off to the Esquiline leaving unceremoniously his own invited guests. (Ep. ii: 7, 32-35.)

He repeats too with natural pride the story of how the freedman's son had soared above the parent nest. An intimate friend of the leading writers of the day and of the chief patron of literature, he was constantly desired in the city to make one of that brilliant company in Mæcenas' palace on the Esquiline. Two of his letters show the pressure brought to bear for his presence, — one to Aristius Fuscus, wit and literateur, lover of the city as Horace was a lover of the country, the other to Mæcenas in apology for staying away from Rome a month instead of the promised five days' absence. (Ep. i: 8 and 7.)

Nor was it only his literary friends who coveted the stories of the best *raconteur* in Rome in their table talk and the grace of his light verses

on wine and women in their drinking after the banquet. The emperor himself tried to make the poet a member of his household, offering him the post of private secretary, if we may trust Suetonius' word.

The life thus opened to Horace through the palace was a brilliant temptation. Another poet of the time, more pleasure-loving, more susceptible, Publius Ovidius Naso, who plunged so deep into its gayeties that his rashness paid the penalty of exile, has left a picture in his 'Art of Love' of the coquetry and amateness of a circle absorbed in the excitement of the personal relations. Besides this, men spent their time at the public baths, the clubs of the day, at dinners beginning often at mid-day and lasting until late at night, divided their attention between spectacular plays and chariot races; dabbled in literature as they did in politics; recited their own works to reluctant hearers; divorced wives and married others; in every way played the Epicurean who had heard the commandment — 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die.' Pleasure and luxurious living were their vocations and these they pursued with restless energy. Horace well described the spirit of the time in that succinct phrase: 'A strenuous doing of nothing is wearing us out.'

What were the influences which kept Horace from conformity to the tendencies of his time? What made him proclaim to his age the doctrine of the simple life? Two forces equally strong determined the course in which his life stream should run: one the memory of his childhood in the country; the other his poetic temperament.

We do not know how old Horace was when his father decided that the country school in Apulia, attended by burly sons of burly centurions was not good enough for his child and took him to Rome, but the boy had lived long enough near the loud-sounding Aufidius to keep the roar of its impetuous waters in his ear and long enough near Voltus to keep in his eye the picture of the towering mountain-peak with its wooded slopes. When he comes back after many years in the suite of Mæcenus on the journey to Brundisium the hills of Apulia are well-known to him.

The memories of the woods where, a courageous baby, he was lost and covered with leaves by the storied doves are not the only reminiscences of Apulia which Horace carried through life. Hints of old wives' tales come out in the story of the Sabellian crone who had prophesied that Horace would be talked to death by a bore. Genuine admiration for the sterling industry of the Apulian peasantry (Epode ii) is coupled with praise of the bravery of the Apulian soldier (Car. iii 5) and the stern discipline of Sabellian mother is contrasted with the lax immorality of the Roman wife. (Car. iii 6.) The same admiration of the Apulian is shown in a long character sketch of a peasant farmer, Ofellus, a philosopher outside the schools with a sturdy mother-wit. Horace says he himself, when a little boy, saw Ofellus working as a day laborer on his own confiscated farm, stout-hearted in

the face of fortune's changes, teaching his sons heroic patience and courage, and practising in adversity only the same frugality which in prosperity had been the rule of his life.

The simple peasant life of Apulia had left its stamp on Horace, but the most insistent and possessing memory of his childhood was of his father. The friend of Mæcenas was never ashamed of his freedman parent, would not have changed him for a noble, honored with the consul's office, even had nature given him the choice. (Sat. i. 6.) He gratefully tells how his father gave him the best education Rome could offer, how he went to Rome with him and there, constantly by his side, kept him chaste in young manhood; how he formed his standard for living by stories of the men they passed on the streets—Albius the spendthrift, Trebonius, the adulterer. (Sat. i. 4.) The manly independence of Horace's own life must have been an inheritance from his father, as well as his education and his ethics.

Such memories of childhood — of beautiful country, of, peasant farmers, of the simple farmer father—set the tone of Horace's life toward a simplicity that hated Persian pomp and loved the myrtle wreath. But a more dominant force throughout his life was his passion for writing. In one of his early poems (Sat. ii. 1, 57-60), he develops in no obscure phrase his life work.

'Whether a calm old age awaits me or death with its black wings hovers over me now, rich or poor, at Rome or in exile (if Fortune so wills), whatever be the color of my life, I will write.'

Again before fame was assured, in the dedication of the first three books of Odes to Mæcenas, after recounting the absorbing interests of many men, he says to his patron: 'But as for myself, if you rank me among the lyric poets, I'll strike the stars with my exalted head.' And in the petition offered to Apollo on the dedication of his temple (Car. I, 31), the poet's three wishes he prays for are old age, free from dishonor, and with the lyre ever tuneful. In the epilogue to Books ii and iii of the Odes, he exults in the fame that he feels assured for his verse, now under the figure of the Roman swan, destined to soar to far-distant lands, now as the monument more lasting than bronze. In later years, when the strain of lyric inspiration is running dry, he gives up, he tells us (Ep. xi: 10-11), this trifling in verse for the study of the true and the fitting, and writes those *sermones repentis per humum* which embody the philosophy of his later years; but, even now, although he declares that he will write no more verses, he is found more mendacious than the Parthians, and waking before sunrise demands pen and paper for his work (Ep. i: 111-113). He must write, and, not only these poems that are half prose, half poetry, the quiet work of his pedestrian muse. Then, as towards the end of his life he feels the creative power of the artist going, he says sadly that the prayer which he made to Apollo has not been fulfilled:

'One thing after another the years plunder as they go. They have taken away jesting, loving, banqueting, playing. They are trying to wrench from me my poems.' (Ep. ii, 55-57.)

Out of this life-long passion for the poet's calling, Horace wrote a description of the effect of this vocation on the poet's life:

'The bard's soul is not easily avaricious. Verses are his love; this his one desire; over losses, flight of slaves, fires, he smiles; he does not plan deceit against a friend or a youthful ward. He lives contentedly on the simplest fare.' (Ep. i, 119-123.)

Just what was the doctrine of the simple life into which these influences of childhood and poet's calling forced Horace's mind, and how far does he himself carry out these principles? Always a spectator of life rather than an actor on its stage, Horace had early observed that 'rarely we can find a man who says that he has lived a happy life' (Sat. i: 117-118); that, indeed, no one lives contented with the lot which he has chosen or chance has thrown in his way. At once he asked himself what is the cause of this unhappiness, of this discontent? And as keen a physician for his time as Goethe for his, he was able to

'lay his finger on the place

And say, thou ailest here; and here.'

The greed for gain, with all the attendant extravagance of great possessions, he found the curse of the nation. So, the vice that he most often deplored was avarice. In two characteristic poems on this theme (Sat. i:1 and Ep. ii:2) (he sets forth the fatuous reasons which the man absorbed in the pursuit of wealth advances to justify his quest and, in answer, the weariness of the quest and the worthlessness of the object. The possession of riches is not permanent, he urges; use, after all, is the only possible ownership; and wealth does not bring happiness, for a man is often sorrowful who has great possessions.

'You will not call the man who possesses much truly happy. That man more rightly deserves the name "happy" who knows how to use the gifts of the gods and has the power to face stern poverty' (Car. iv:9, 45-46.)

Picture after picture he gives of the struggle to make money. The avaricious man toils to surpass now this rival and now that. For he hastens on, always a richer man, standing in the way, just as in the chariot race, the charioteer presses on after the horses that have passed his own and scorns to come in last. (Sat. i: 1, 113-116.) Over Iccuis, philosopher transformed into soldier of fortune, Horace laments, in a poem as regretful as Browning's 'Just for a handful of silver he left us;' for Iccuis who is envying the treasures of Araby, the blest, and is selling his library to buy a Spanish breast-plate for wars of conquest and plunder although he promised a nobler career. (Car. i:29.) 'Why do we, valiant men, aim in a brief life

at boundless gain?' (Car. ii:16, 17-18), Horace asks; for 'increasing wealth is followed by care and thirst for more' (Car. iii:16, 17-18), and 'those who seek much lack much'. (Car. iii:16.) The quest is endless and the avaricious man becomes the slave of the possessions he sought. Very apt is the fable of the horse whom the stag conquered in their common pasture ground until 'the horse implored the aid of man and put on the bridle. But after he had come off a mighty victor from his enemy, he did not shake the rider from his back or the reins from his mouth. So the man who in fear of poverty sacrifices his liberty rather than his wealth will bear a master for his folly and serve that one forever because he knows not how to live on small possessions.' (Ep. i:10, 34-41.) 'I for one,' Horace declares, 'empty-handed seek the camp of those who desire nothing.' (Car. iii:16, 22-23.)

The extravagances which great wealth begets are the specific subjects of much of Horace's satire—luxury of the table, magnificence in building, the spectacular in the theatre, the pompous in religion. Gluttony, like avarice, was one of the most glaring faults of the age. The Roman dinner had become a banquet lasting regularly from three to four hours; cooking was a fine art and jaded appetites were whetted by new dishes. In one of his satires (Sat. ii:4), Horace makes Catius give him elaborate receipts for the preparation of all the different courses; for the *gustatio*, the course of relishes, salad, shell-fish and the like, with which the dinner began; for the seasoning of fish, the choice of meats, the mixing of the wines, the cooking of sauces, for the main courses; then for the selection of fruit and raisins for the dessert. At last, after Catius has proudly displayed his knowledge which he intends to embody in a treatise, Horace greets his learned friend sarcastically, telling him that he longs to study with him under the same master these precepts for *a happy life!* More dramatic is another satire in dialogue form (Sat. ii:8), in which Horace's friend, Fundanius, describes to him a banquet that a certain Nasidienus Rufus, one of the *nouveaux riche* has given to Mæcenas. The host is lavish in display, but stingy in hospitality. He assures Mæcenas that if Albanian or Falernian wine pleases him better than the ones set before him, both are at hand, but when the parasites who have come with Mæcenas demand more wine and larger goblets Nasidienus grows pale as if in fear for his stores. Then he is extravagant in his menu, but untidy in his housekeeping. All sorts of unusual delicacies are placed on the table—the second joints of sparrows, a fish-sauce made with sea-urchins, nightingales with charred breasts—but in the midst of the host's account of how the sauce is cooked, down fall the tapestries that hang over the table, bringing with them a cloud of dust, such as the north wind stirs on the Campanian fields. The host has no *savoir faire*; he puts down his head and weeps as though his young son had died. Indeed, his whole character makes him a

strange host for Mæcenas; he can talk of nothing but the food; for entertainment he offers nothing but buffoons who swallow cheese and cakes whole. And it is plain from the entire description of the party that what attracted Mæcenas was simply the excellent dinner. For even the master of the first literary circle in Rome was something of a gourmand.

Against such luxury of the table Horace makes Ofellus, the wise farmer, preach the sermon whose text might be *In pulmentaria quaere sudando*. (Sat. ii:2,20-21.) The folly of absurd and changing fashions in food—now the peacock on the table, now the sturgeon, soon the sea-gull. The pallid, bloated, ill-health that comes from high living, all this Ofellus sets forth, reminding his hearers that worst of all 'The body burdened with yesterday's vices weighs down with it the soul, and nails to the ground that particle of divine air.'

The other sins of extravagance Horace has not satirized at such length, but incidental allusions show his attitude. He notices the great expenditure on private dwellings, lamenting those old times when houses were simple and only public buildings and the temples of the gods were decorated with the costly marbles (Car. ii: 15, 18-20). But now the Roman at the brink of the grave, forgetting the tomb, gives contracts to have his marbles quarried and goes on building his great houses. 'That is not my way,' says Horace. 'In my house no ivory shines or golden ceiling; there no architraves of Hymettus' marble rest on columns quarried in far Africa.' (Car. ii: 18, 1-4). 'Why should I build a lofty atrium in the new fashion with columns to arouse envy? Why should I change my Sabine valley for riches that bring more labor?' (Car. iii:1, 45-48.)

This same tendency away from the simple to the elaborate and the unessential he notices in the theatre (Ep. ii:1, 187-207). 'The interest is now no longer in the author's work—the play itself, but in the spectacular presentation. The common people demand a bear or a boxer in the midst of the play and, indeed, the pleasure of the knights has turned from the ear to vain delights of wandering eye. Four or more hours the curtains are down while squadrons of cavalry and bands of foot-soldiers flee over the stage. Now conquered kings, their hands bound behind their backs, are dragged along; war-chariots, litters, travelling carriages rush by; ships, spoils of ivory and of bronze. If Democritus were on the earth, he would smile if giraffe or white elephant caught the eyes of the crowd; he would watch the people more attentively than the play, believing them the greater spectacle, and he would think the authors were telling a story to a deaf ass. For what words can sound above the noise with which our theatres re-echo? . . . There is such a tumult, such clapping of hands when the actor comes upon the stage, decked out in foreign splendor. "Has he said anything yet?" "Not a word." "What gives such pleasure?" "The color of his robe is just like violets."'

In the matter of religion, Horace at first does not seem an advocate of simplicity, for he aided the revival of ancient ceremonial by hymns to gods and goddesses full of mythology and enthusiastic ritual, his æsthetic sense finding satisfaction in the beauty of a formal worship. But his own religious feeling was something less external and the real meaning of worship he teaches to a country girl in language almost Biblical (*Car. iii: 23, 9-20*). 'The pontiffs may sacrifice the splendid victim reared for the purpose on snowy Algidus Mount. You are not to offer to your tiny household gods, Phidyle, blood of sheep, but garlands of rosemary and delicate myrtle. If the hand that touches the altar is pure, no magnificent sacrifice will appease the unfriendly gods more surely than gift of pious meal and crackling salt.'

As though the struggle for wealth, high living, fine houses, spectacular plays, costly sacrifices were necessary concomitants of city life, Horace made his way of escape a country road. In many poems of a point of view opposite to that of Browning's 'Up in a Villa, Down in the City,' he shows the hundred distractions of life in Rome, the demands made by business and society, the difficulty of following there a literary life. 'One man summons me to go bail, another to hear him read his writings, all duties aside. One man lies sick on the Quirinal hill, another on the distant Aventine. I must call on both and you know how convenient the distances are.' (*Ep. ii: 2, 67-70.*)

'Or, if I go to the dark Esquiline, a hundred commissions for others fly about my head and sides. "Roscius begged that you'd come to the law court before the second hour tomorrow." "The scribes urged, Quintus, that you remember to return today for that new and important piece of business." "Just see that Mæcenus puts his seal on these documents." ' (*Sat. ii:6, 32-38.*) No wonder he exclaims: 'O, country, when shall I behold you? When be allowed from ancient books, from sleep and lazy hours to quaff a dear forgetfulness of this careworn life?' (*Sat. ii:6, 60-62.*)

And how attractive is the picture of his own life in the country! We see the little farm, surrounded by encircling mountains; its garden, orchard, vineyard, the stretch of green woodland, the clear spring of water, and, on the hill, the villa with the great pine towering over it, once dedicated to Diana, guardian of mountains and of groves. No wonder Mæcenus was content to visit here and fare on vegetables and Sabine wine; no wonder that Tyndaris, her lyre in her hand, came singing under the trees. There might well be nights and feasts fit for the gods. In enviable freedom from the struggle for political and social advancement and the gaining of wealth, not bound by the conventions of city life or harassed by its demands, 'a poet could not but be gay,' could not but be sure that here for him was the solution of the life truly happy.

But in his preaching Horace would go farther than in his practice. He

was willing to take the easiest way to the simplicity and the realities of life by living away from distraction, but he knew that even in a palace life may be well spent, that after all the secret of living—well and happily—is in no outward circumstances but in a state of mind. One out of many passages may speak for his belief. (Ep. i:11, 22-30.)

'Whatever hour God shall bless you with, take with grateful hand, and do not postpone joy from year to year that you may say in whatever place you have been that you have lived gladly. For reason and wisdom are what remove cares, not any place with wide sea view, and men who hurry across the sea change their sky, not their soul. A strenuous doing of nothing is wearing us out. On ships, in chariots, we pursue the secret of right living. What you pursue is here, is at Ulubrae, if you have a contented spirit.'

Such were the tenets of the ethics which Horace had worked out for himself: to live happily on a little, following a chosen calling, steadfastly simple in desires and possessions. But any representation of Horace's point of view of life would be untrue that made it always the same, always serious. Who knew better the inconsistency of mankind? Who admitted more frankly his own inconsistencies, or laughed more readily at himself? In religion, at first only an irregular and niggardly worshipper of the gods, he is compelled by lightning in a cloudless sky to shift the sails of his belief for a new course. (Car. i: 34.) In philosophy, he is first a stoic, plunged in the waves of public interests, a stern guardian of true virtue; then he slips back secretly to the teachings of an Epicurean master. (Ep. i, 1, 16-19.) In regard to writing, where if ever he has seemed intense, ardent, he declares that he has written poetry only under the compulsion of poverty. (Ep. ii:2, 51-52.) And as for his manner of living, in Rome he longs for the country, but in the country he longs for the absent city. (Sat. ii:7, 28-35; Ep. i:9, 3-12.) Nay more, he would have us believe that his whole teaching about the simple life is the fable of the sour grapes repeated; 'for,' he says, 'I praise the careful and the humble life when my possessions fail me . . . but when a better or a richer fortune comes, I say you alone are wise and live aright who have a fortune laid out in shining villas.' (Ep. i:15, 42-46.)

Andrew Lang commented rightly in his letter to Horace, 'What you actually believe we know not, you know not. Who knows what he believes?'

For the problem of living rightly, freely, happily—those phrases recurring through Horace's poems like landmarks in his lifelong quest—is no simple one in the last analysis; more than a lifetime is needed for its solution and for the satirist, especially, from the point of view of his observation of life's complexities and his reflection upon them, no solution seems possible. English satirist and Roman exclaim together: 'Ah, *Vanitas Vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? Or, having it, is satisfied?'

LOVE IN IDLENESS

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER

I WAS reading,' quoth Will Shakespeare, 'a new found poem of Dan Chaucer's when "A Midsommer Night's Dreame" was seething in my brain.'

Thus, in the mind's ear, may sound the Unapproachable Voice, in case a certain curious chain of little facts may be held to speak as loud as words.

'Shakespeare certainly had a copy of Chaucer's works,' says Dr. W. W. Skeat, Chaucer's modern editor, 'probably the edition of 1561.'

That he knew his Chaucer well and to practical purpose, as befitted an Elizabethan poet-playwright, others beside that arch-Chaucerian, Dr. Skeat, have observed. It is some years now, since Dr. J. W. Hales, in his valuable essay in the *Quarterly* (1873, afterwards included in 'Essays and Notes on Shakespeare' London, 1884 and 1892,) gave out his broad hint that the traces of Shakespeare's familiarity with Chaucer were worth closer watching than had yet been accorded them. Dr. Hales wrote strongly:

'This question of Shakespeare's knowledge of Chaucer has as yet received no proper attention whatever.' He added:

'When Shakespeare "came of age," the one great name of English Literature was Chaucer. Spenser had not yet put forth all his strength. To Spenser, and to Shakespeare, looking back into the past, the one great prominent figure was that of Chaucer. He bestrode the world of English Literature like a Colossus, and the Gowers and Occleves, and Lydgates, and Barclays, "petty men walked under his huge legs." It would be less difficult to believe that Virgil did not know Ennius than that Shakespeare did not know Chaucer.'

'Troilus and Creseide' and 'The Knights Tale' were then adduced by Dr. Hales as most attracting Shakespeare. He did not fail to include, with due enrichment of his own, those manifest yet surely external and fragmentary vestiges of the 'Knights Tale,' in Shakespeare's 'Dreame,' first cursorily noticed by Steevens and pointed out in detail almost a century later by Knight and Halliwell.

Chaucer's 'Knights Tale' now forms one of the disjointed groups of earlier literary material usually accredited, in default of any prior work more clearly serviceable, as the sources of 'A Midsommer Nights Dreame.'

Another prior work, not included in modern editions of Chaucer,

bears one or two prominent marks or more serviceableness than any source yet cited. It cannot be assumed, for a moment, that this prior work carries a close and continuous resemblance to Shakespeare's plot. It may only come to be recognized, perhaps, that it bears some obvious, yet not superficial signs of having been read by the poet with more than common sympathy and that some outcome from it has been smelted into the imaginative scheme his mind was busied with at the time when it first challenged his notice.

Shakespeare's plot in its entirety must remain inviolably his own. In other plays, where it is possible to follow more closely than in this play his adaptation to his purpose of suggestions bequeathed from earlier writers, what he makes of his sources is overwhelmingly more vital and to the point dramatically than the best of his borrowings. The sources are for that reason none the less interesting. For that reason, in fact, Shakespeare's sources, from the point of view of what the supreme artist makes out of his clay, are the most interesting sources in all literature.

In one of the poems of the Chaucer of 1598, 'The Flowre and the Leafe,' there is a phrase closely germane to that poem and significantly used—'loved idlenes.' It stands like a godfather for the name and attribute of Oberon's flower—'Love in idlenesse.' Who does not know the sudden magic this fairy flower wrought in the eyes of flowers in 'A Midsommer Nights Dreame?'

The same phrase appears, not as expressly related to a flower, but as implying the same sudden engendering in the eye of love's overpowering spell, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' I.i. 153-161. It occurs there in a part of the plot—the love story of Bianca and Lucentio, not appearing at all in the earlier play of 1594, 'The Taming of a Shrew,' on which Shakespeare's 'Taming of *the* Shrew' was based. Only in Shakespeare's remodelling of the play does this passage upon 'love in idlenesse' occur. As one of the peculiar touches, therefore, in the Revamped play traceable thus, in the last decade of the century, to Shakespeare's hand, it is a curious little corroboration of the inference that his imagination had been deeply seized, during that decade with these significant words.

Yet it is not merely the echo of these significant words in the 'Dreame,' nor the fainter confirmatory echo in 'The Shrew,' that may suffice to link the poet's observing eye and creative fancy with the Chaucer of 1598. It is the fact that this poem has an organic relation with the treatment of love and the use of certain floral emblems of love in the 'Dreame.' For the whole story of this poem is a comparison between those lovers who loved in idleness and those who loved in deed. The one company of lovers yielded allegiance, as a symbol of their kind to 'the Flowre,' which was described as so 'simple of nature' that its beauty and pleasaunce 'last not but for a season' and might not endure the 'grevance' of storm. And the other company of lovers held faithful, as a symbol of their kind, to 'the

Leafe,' further described as the green 'Hearb of Diane,' or as 'Agnus Castus' or 'Chaste tree,' and as having such an enduring freshness that its beauty 'and lusty green May' could be defaced by no change, neither by any storm, nor wind, nor 'frosted keene.'

The symbolism attaching in the poem to this frail 'Flowre' of Flora and this enduring 'Hearb of Diane' has borne fruit in 'A Midsommer Nights Dreame:' first in the flower of sudden passion, 'Love-in-idleness,'—Cupid's flower, Shakespeare more aptly calls it,—causing all the confusion and cross-purpose of his summer night; second, in the 'hearbe' of 'vertuous propertie' to take all error from the lover's sight,—'Dian's bud,' the poet calls this herb. ('Mids. Ngt. Dr.' III, ii, 387-390, and IV, i, 79-82), and it resolves all the 'misprision' of the summer night into abiding love and harmony in the dewy morning when Theseus cries 'Uncouple in The Westerne Valley. Let them goe. My love shall heare the Musicke of my hounds.'

Before passing on to some other links in the sequence connecting this poem in the Chaucer of 1598 with Shakespeare's 'Dreame,' let it also be noticed what a wild-wood, out-of-doors flavor the poem has in common with the play. Even the roundel sung by the Lady of the Leafe seems fitted to impart its lyrical contagion to the kindred scene, dramatically enacted in the 'Dreame,' when Lysander and Hermia, in happy good faith with each other fall asleep side by side in the Athenian Wood. 'Under the leafage, toward me,' sang the Lady of the Leafe, 'his happy heart and mine lie sleeping.' In the mediaeval French: '*Suse le foyle*', *devert moy, seene et mon joly cuer en dormy*,.

The life, too, of toying charm and idle pastime pursued by the green-robed company of the Flower wins beauty of contrast, in keeping with the central idea of the poem, from the life of knightly deeds of chivalry performed by the white vested laurel-crowned company of the Leaf. And so, correspondingly, in the Play, the fairy witchery of languorous swoon and dream wins beauty of contrast from the wide-awake activities of the Morning Hunt. In the Poem written for mediaeval knights and ladies the Tournament calls the true lovers to put their valor to proof in deeds of arms. In the Play with its Greco-English characters, its Athenian hero and Amazonian Queen, destined to be enacted before English hearers, the hunt instead of the tourney is appropriately chosen by Shakespeare to challenge his dreaming lovers from the night's necromancy to the day's clarity and action.

Was not this proof of Diana's healthy stirring in their blood a suggestion naturally growing from the fact that hunting was ever the classic sport delighted in by the chaste goddess to whom the Companions of the Leafe were devoted?

It is interesting to note, here, also, before passing on, Chaucer's allu-

sion in the Prologue to his 'Legende of Good Women' to the two devotions described in the Poem, namely, the allegiance of lovers either to flower or to leaf, as their fight-mark and device, adopted in token of their fealty to plesaunce or to duringness in love. This allusion is so couched in the 'Legende' that it can scarcely be understood otherwise than as referring, if not to this Poem, still certainly to the twin loyalties therein described as rivalries well-known and accepted among the knights and ladies of minstrelsy and Courts of Love. With his usual robust and witty sanity, Chaucer declares his non-partisanship. He makes no more, he says, of 'the flowre' than of 'the leafe.'

Shakespeare goes much deeper into the spirit of their symbolic contrast in his 'Dreame' than Chaucer in the 'Legende;' yet, apparently, the same even-handed healthy humanness forbade Shakespeare, also, from drawing any harsh line of judgment between the one and the other way of love. Laughter is weapon enough to cut the distinction between the shallow and the steadfast. It is enough for him in the 'Dreame' that the asinine bewitchment of Titania, and the delusion of sense of Lysander and Demetrius, proving to be such well-springs of quarrelsomeness, are ludicrous and ephemeral. Merely in being so they win condemnation enough.

The same pure yet unascetic temper appears in the love-allegory of the Poem. It is very clear when the gay company dancing in the open meads is wilted with heat and beaten down with storm, that the white-vested company, now wearing laurels won in jousting, and resting in the befriending shade of 'the tree,' have chosen the better part. Still, the flower-lovers receive no further condemnation and, when without one 'thread dry on them' they seek the shade of the trees, the Company of the Leafe proffers them ruth and cheer, shelter and renewal, hewing down 'boughes' to make them 'stately fires great to dry their clothes yt were wringing weat' and making them 'for blisters of the sonne burning Very good and wholesome ointments of hearbs.'

As is betokened consistently with the tenor of this elsewhere, also, by Shakespeare, notably in the scene where Portia causes Fancy's swan-song to be sung while Bassanio is making his choice, Fancy, or Passion, as Shakespeare conceives it, is 'engendered in the eyes.' It comes on sudden wings from deeps on deeps of that subconscious mystic glamor which is the fairy under-world of love. It may turn out to be a tricky futility, and Fancy may die 'in the cradle where it lies,' as Portia fears; but it may live, as Portia proves, and be the unmeasured joy of 'those who choose not by the view.' Let it be recalled that it was the 'faire speechlesse messages' Bassanio had received from Portia's eyes that first emboldened him, as he told Antonio, and that presaged him 'such thrift' that he should 'questionlesse be fortunate.' (Mer. of Ven. I. i. 172-185.)

The mystical growth of which the love that is engendered in the eyes is

capable, according to Shakespeare, forbids scorn of the fleshly-cradled Fancy, doomed perhaps to die, perhaps to live, but surely to show by the event if it be of the nature of the passing flower or the permanent leaf. 'Love is a Babe, then might I not say so, To give full growth to that which still doth grow.' (Sonnet 115.)

The more obvious signs of Shakespeare's familiarity with the Poem of 'The Flowre and the Leafe,' and the more delicate indications of his sympathy with the informing spirit of its graceful allegory, confront, however, some curious facts.

Neither Shakespeare's Chaucer of 1561—if it be assumed that this edition was the one he knew—nor any earlier one, contained this poem. It first saw the light of print in the edition of 1598.

As everybody may know, the 'Dreame' was not itself in print in the first Quarto till two years afterward and not until October of 1600 was it entered for printing in the Stationers' Registers. But the often-quoted Meres renders assurance of the fact that the 'Dreame' was known by 1598 when he wrote his familiar praise: 'Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent . . . for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labours wonne*, his *Bidsummer night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*.'

Whoso finds 'The Flowre and the Leafe' persuasively suggestive of the inference that Shakespeare had it lurking in the background of his consciousness when he was writing the 'Dreame,' must wonder how he could have chanced to read it earlier than 1598.

To be sure it may be suspected and claimed for this or for some other Elizabethan publications that the date of issue on the title-page was placed ahead of the actual appearance, by a not unusual habit of the thrifty bookseller, who now, as then, is prone to have an instinctive fear of not being up to time in the eye of the buyer when the book reaches the market. A modern instance of the dating-ahead habit of publishers is notable in the case of Browning's 'Asolando.' The title-page date of the first London edition is 1890, and as Browning died December 12, 1889, the publication would appear to be posthumous. But this generation knows that it came out in London upon the poet's death-day and that copies reached America before the close of 1889.

It happens, however, in the case of this edition of Chaucer, that absolute evidence is extant of Shakespeare's chance to read this poem before its date of publication. I was a little startled to come upon the proof of it while consulting an original copy of the 1598 blackletter edition in the Library of Harvard University.

It is never safe in affairs touching upon Shakespeare the unending to take it for granted that the new trail one hits upon has been ignored before. Yet so far as I have been able to ascertain no one hitherto has no-

ticed the following facts.

From a letter prefixed to this 1598 Chaucer, signed Francis Beaumont, and dated 1597, it appears that copies of the new pieces about to be added to the Contents had been in Francis Beaumont's hands for some time before he wrote this letter and that he had circulated such copies freely among his friends, as new-found poems by Chaucer.

It also appears that Beaumont had these copies long enough in his possession for him to grow impatient with the friend to whom he owed them, because this friend, Thomas Speght, repeatedly delayed putting them in print. Beaumont had circulated them long enough to fear for the sake of Speght's ultimate intention to include them in a new edition of Chaucer, that the wide vogue he had given them would lead to Speght's work being anticipated. To drive Speght on he even threatens willingly to forestall him, himself, if he does not proceed more quickly to publish pieces justly regarded by Beaumont and his friends as too choice and interesting not to circulate freely.

It is clear enough, then, that for no brief period of time, although how long is not stated, before 1597, in a circle of persons as near to Shakespeare and the activities of the London stage as Beaumont is known to be, 'The Flowre and the Leafe' was prominently passed about from hand to hand and heralded and commented upon as treasure-trove of the supreme Chaucer.

This poem has been excluded from modern editions of Chaucer, because it appears only in the 28 a Longleat MS. and contains rhymes and one allusion adjudged to be post-Chaucerian.

The companion treasure-trove, also, the 'Dreame,' has been excluded from the modern Chaucer, and for kindred reasons. The name of this poem, and the nature of it, too, especially the magical properties it ascribes to an 'herb . . . flowresse all grene' that thrills dead lovers into life again, are such as might well blend in Shakespeare's imagination with the 'Flowre and the Leafe' imagery.

Far removed from the skeptical scrutiny of nineteenth century editors was the honor which Beaumont and Speght and their friends yielded to these poems. Dryden, too, a century later, in his Preface to his 'Fables,' admired 'The Flowre and the Leafe' greatly, both for 'the Invention and moral.' He judged it to be of the author's own invention after the manner of the 'Provengals.'

Beaumont's letter in 1597 bears witness that he and his friends not only hailed the new poems with absolute faith, but acclaimed them, among others he mentions, as examples of Chaucer's gift, which show him capable of a finer and higher strain than that commonly granted him. The letter runs as follows:

'F. B. to his very loving friend, T. S.

'I Am sorrie that neither the worthinesse of CHAUCERS owne praise, nor the importunate praier of diverse your louing friendes can yet mooue you to put into print those good observations and collections you have written of him . . .

'In his five Bookes of *Troylus and Creside*, and the Booke of the Praise of good women, and of the mercilesse Ladie, and that of Blaunch, and of his Dreame (which is in your handes and was neuer yet imprinted) hee soareth much higher then he did in the other before: . . . Now (*M. Speght*) tell me . . . shall onely *Chaucer* our Poet, no lesse worthy than the best of them amongst all the Poets of the world be alwaies neglected and neuer be so well understood of his owne countiemen as strangers are? Well set your heart at rest for seeing I was one of them which first set you in hand with this worke, and since you have given me of your copies to use priuately for mine owne pleasure, if you will not put them abroad your selfe, they shall abroad whether you will or no. Yet least many inconueniences might happen by this attempt of mine, and diuers things be set foorth contrarie vnto your owne liking, let mee once againe entreat you (as I haue done often heretofore) to yield to my just and reasonable suit. Where in you shall not onely satisfie that conceit which I haue many yeares carried of your vnfaigned loue towards me: but pleasure many who daylie expect your paines herein, and perfourme vnto *Chaucer* great part of that honour that he most worthely deserueth. So with my thrise heartie commendations I bid you farewell. From Leicester the last of June, anno 1597.

'Your assured and euer louing friend.

'*Francis Beaumont.*'

Speght himself, in the Title page of his edition, called attention to the two new poems, as 'Two Bookes of his' (i. e. 'our antient and learned English Poet Geffrey Chaucer') never before printed. The opening epistle is written in the form of a dialogue, signed 'H. B.,' in the course of which 'the Reader' is supposed to ask,—'But who is he that hath thy books re-par'd, and added moe, whereby thou are more graced?' And directly after this dialogue, and 'Chaucer's Life,' Speght, gives prominent place to the arguments of the poems concluding with the two pieces 'never before this time published in print, *Chaucers dreame*, and *The Flowre and the Leafe.*'

It will be remembered that the earlier limit of date for 'A Midsummer Nights Dreame' is known by one sure token in a maze of conjecture. It was written later than 1591, because there is an undisguised allusion to Spenser's 'Teares of the Muses,' of 1591, in V. i. 59-60. Any time after that year then, and before 1597, Shakespeare could have been open to the

artistic impressions flowing to him from a poem sure to be of eminent and peculiar attraction to any Elizabethan Poet who knew the Chaucer of 1561, or had the chance to read one of Beaumont's copies of the new-found gems destined to distinguish the Chaucer of 1598.

LOVE'S DWELLING

BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWES

I SAID, 'O Love if thou wilt dwell with me,
A stately palace will I build for thee,
With massive gates of carven ivory,
So that no noises from the world of pain,
No cry of woe, no sight of guilt's dark stain,
Shall ever smite thy tender heart again;
O Love, if thou wilt come and dwell with me.'

Love softly came. But, O, within a day
His rosy bloom had vanished quite away,
His golden hair faded to ashen gray,
His starry eyes were dim. His brow was bent,
His breath in labored gasping came and went
Like Death he was—with life and hope all spent.
'What have I done to thee, O, Love, I pray!'

I flung the casement wide to give him air,
A little human sob of man's despair
Rang through the stillness of the night, and ere
I could again shut out the grievous sound
Love rose, transfigured, glowing all around,
My palace fell like tinsel to the ground,
And left Love smiling—free—and O, how fair!

THE CITY OF THE HEART'S DESIRE

BY WILLIAM MOUNTAIN

LOOK where the sun burns on the wave
A fiery wheel! cathedral-piled,
The clouds dissolve; the night a grave,
Engulfs the world grown waste and wild.

The sea is still, the black earth rolls
Across a blacker, vaster sea;
We hold communion with our souls,
And muse the old sad mystery.

Each tiny wave gives back the light
Of heaven's few large and low-hung stars;
We walk with shadows of the night,
Creation's ancient avatars.

We walk and almost hear the tread
Of ghostly feet, the wistful sigh,
As armies of the centuries' dead
On cosmic currents hurry by.

And wild they sing to him who hears,
Their mystic echoes burn and thrill;
'We are the pageant of the years,
We are the wisdom of the will.

'We are of all the past a part,
And of the future yet to be;
We helped to fashion every art
That beautifies mortality.

'Our host was with the Jews in flight,
And with the cruel Coptic hand;
We gloried in the tyrant's might,
And struggled toward the promised land.

'We were the Christians in their throes
Who died to win the martyr-crown;
And sat amid their smiling foes,
With Nero of the fatal frown.

'The Cæsar's and the Christ's were we,
The blossom and the winter blight'—
Loud lifts the phosphorescent sea,
Grown restless 'neath their unseen flight.

Now loud and louder booms the sea
Its earth-old ditty of lament;
But louder, wilder comes to me
The world's sad voice of discontent.

Though with my love, I am alone,
And feel within my heart the woe
That only ages can atone—
The greeds and crimes of long ago.

The spectres of the bloody years,
The beauty of the world to be,
Annihilating black arrears
Of slaughter, lust, and slavery.

Burns on the curtain of the sky;
They wail above the ocean-song;
'Till all the evil passions die,
And wrecked is every ancient wrong.

'Man cannot know the bliss he craves,
Nor conquer comfort which can last;
The ages roar from martyred graves,
Live out the evil of the past!'

THE CITY OF THE HEART'S DESIRE

Ah, Love, what words burned on thy lips,
They come to me though worlds apart!
How spoke we then with finger-tips,
And trembled comfort heart to heart!

We asked of death no great reward,
Nor fellowship with saints and seers;
We only asked that love might hoard
His honey through the bitter years.

And through the glory of the dream
To gaze on suns that never set;
Or see through night hope's beckoning gleam,
A growing love without regret.

We asked to cease this life-long ache,
This phantom world where naught is real,
This dream wherefrom we long to wake,
And see the beauty that we feel.

To know no more this nameless want,
This bitter want of souls afire;
How near we knew the angels' haunt,
The city of the heart's desire!

THE HAPPY ENDING

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

WHAT has produced so many genuine fictional tragedies, ruined so many otherwise good books, as the demand for a happy ending? — What, in other words, but the demand that the last chapter of a novel shall vibrate with the clash of wedding bells?

The average reader seems to imagine that the marriage ceremony acts as a kind of charm, doing away with all the divergencies of taste, character, station, or religion, which have separated the hero and heroine all through the book; that once married they must, of necessity, 'live happy ever after.' More than one novel has been spoiled, wrenched from its proper course, in order to provide a wedding for the final chapter. Any number of books which are said to 'end well' really leave the characters in a most unpleasant situation. Half the marriages of fiction would, in real life, be quickly terminated by suicide or the divorce courts.

'The Light That Failed,' with its two versions, one ending 'happily,' the other 'unhappily,' is an admirable case in point. According to the author's original intention—to which he has since returned—the hero, Dick Heldar, after suffering all the agonies of loneliness and blindness during many months, goes to the war in the East and is killed by a chance shot; this ending was considered altogether too dismal and another substituted for it, according to which Dick marries Maisie and supposedly lives many years. Now which of these two is the real tragedy for Dick? Quick and merciful death in the arms of that best and truest of friends, Torpenhow, or life passed in unending darkness and with vain, hard, selfish, egotistical Maisie — life which must have been a prolonged torture, compared with which the rack would have seemed a bed of roses. Thackeray, at the conclusion of 'Vanity Fair' lets Dobbin win and wed Amelia, but in that wonderful last chapter he indicates very plainly the disillusionment and sore disappointment which inevitably ensued; while what Henry Esmond's existence, chained to Lady Castlewood—Lady Castlewood, weak, selfish, cursed with an unnatural and contemptible jealousy of her own daughter which never dies — must have been, it is easy, and exceedingly painful to imagine.

There are, of course, very many books which really end well, and, of necessity; they 'begin to end well,' and leave the reader in an agreeable glow of satisfaction: Miss Austen's, for instance. It is impossible to doubt that Anne Elliot and Frederick Wentworth were very happy together, or that

Elizabeth always rejoiced that her 'prejudice' against Darcy had been finally overcome. Among modern writers there are any number who, like Marion Crawford and Stanley Weyman, leave us in a very comfortable frame of mind as to what happened to the hero and heroine after wedlock, but many novels make one feel that in the latter part of the story the author took his characters by the backs of their necks and hauled them, in spite of their protests, along the highroad to matrimony.

'Lady Rose's Daughter' is an admirable example of this particular type of fiction. For a while the story develops naturally and logically. Then Mrs Ward apparently became alarmed at the downward path which Julie was pursuing, and in the interests of propriety dragged her back, willy-nilly, made of her a perfectly respectable person, a duchess — and the wife of that wooden model of all the virtues, Jacob Delafield; surely a terrible punishment, for Mrs Ward never succeeds in convincing the reader that Julie really cared anything at all about her prosy, complacent husband. However, Mrs Grundy was satisfied, a 'happy ending' was provided — and the book was ruined.

Lately, Mrs Ward seems to have recovered some of her courage and though 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' with its accidental meeting just in the nick of time to provide the familiar and unspeakably hackneyed consumptive death-bed scene, accompanied by the usual long speeches and invariable reconciliation, does end by descending into the depths of pathos, we are at least spared the miraculous changing of foolish, ill-bred Lady Kitty into a courteous, tactful, intelligent woman, and an ideal helpmate for a political man.

One of the finest parts of one of George Eliot's finest books is the way in which she allows Lydgate's marriage to work itself out to its legitimate conclusion. A lesser writer would have 'killed off' Rosamond and given Lydgate Dorothea, who would certainly have made him an admirable and most sympathetic wife. Instead, George Eliot shows us the long years, with their ever-present, heart-breaking consciousness of failure, of having seen the highest and then been dragged away from the vision by the millstone he had himself tied about his neck, down into a sea of petty cares, and, worse still, cheap and despised successes, through which Lydgate suffered before death released him from the consequences of his one great mistake.

When 'Tommy and Grizel' was published, several critics blamed Barrie for his treatment of Tommy, and, indeed, there are many of us who wish that the story of Tommy's manhood had never been told; for we realize that it could be told only in the one way. Tommy the man was inevitable outcome of Tommy the boy, and those who loved the boy can only regret that his creator was not merciful enough to let him die rather than grow up to break dear Grizel's heart.

Optimism is an excellent thing; there is no gift whose possession

is more to be desired than the ability to always see the silver linings, even though they do sometimes rather obstruct one's vision of the clouds; and one of the curiosities of literary criticism is the fact that an author is always called 'strong' who sinks his characters fathoms deep in gloom; it would often seem more just to complain of the weakness of eyesight which makes it impossible for him to see anything but black. If a writer's eyes are clear enough and strong enough to enable him to gaze undazzled at the bright side of things so much the better, but it is certainly no compliment to the intelligence of the reader to call an unnatural conclusion, or one that leaves the characters in a situation which in real life would quickly become intolerable, a 'happy ending.'

THE MODERN SHORT STORY: ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN

BY T. E. RANKIN

THE form of literary art known as the short story has not, as yet, been adequately explained. Singularly enough for this critical age, it is even true that serious attempts at a critical estimate of the short story have been very few, and this would partially account for the failure to arrive at anything approaching a thoroughgoing appreciation of the form, for it is out of many attempts at the truth that the whole truth will, in all probability, ultimately emerge. Doubtless, however, the thing itself is so intimately of our own immediate life that all which may be said today upon the subject is but prolegomena to some future final evaluation of the art.

It is not here proposed to discuss the various kinds or classes of short stories, nor to treat in all its labyrinthine detail the history of the telling of brief stories, but, with slight reference to historical development, to discuss the characteristics and origin of the most typical and most genuinely artistic form of short story, as we understand the product of our day, namely, the short story with plot, the short story that may be termed the dramatic short story.

In passing, it may be acknowledged with all who have written upon the subject, that the telling of tales has existed since men began to think articulately, and that most effective anecdotes have been related and recorded from a remote period of history. To go no further to the rear in 'the general advance of the human spirit' than the Hebrew record of Nathan's story of the poor man's ewe lamb, we have sufficient evidence of early record of early effectiveness in the telling of a brief story. But the short story, as we understand the term in the critical literature today, is the same for a thing of quite recent origin, and it is this thing of quite recent origin that has, as yet, not been adequately accounted for.

All the published discussions of the characteristics of the short story of today are confined to ringing the changes upon the very obvious qualities of brevity, compression or elimination, originality, ingenuity, and brilliancy. But the Egyptian story of 'The Shipwrecked Sailor,' with its enchanted island, and with its anticipation of Sindbad of the Arabian Nights, possesses, in common with the short story of the nineteenth century, with the possible exception of brilliancy, all these ear-marks of brevity, compression, and the like. And yet this story dates from the twelfth Dynasty, about 2500 B. C. All down the pages of the history of literature we find

numberless illustrations of stories with these characteristics, and I shall, therefore, assume them to be so sufficiently obvious that they will need nothing further than this mere mention.

The literary product to which the term 'short story' is today applied is a product, distinctively, of highly conscious art. It is a commonplace that the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are highly self-conscious. Possibly, too, it is a commonplace that all art is conscious—at least, all human art. For out of the predeterminations of feeling, intellect, and will, men have produced the creations of their art. If there is an 'unpremeditated art,' it is the art of Shelley's 'Sky-Lark' and its near of kin; there is no human unpremeditated art. But if all this is commonplace, what I wish to make emphatic is that the short story is the product of an almost extremely conscious art. Could there be any art more conscious than that displayed in 'The Gold-Bug,' wherein Poe makes a story whose plot is the double weaving and unweaving of a plot, or than that displayed in 'Le Grande Breteche' of Balzac, a story the major part of which is the detailing of the method of securing some one to unravel, and for a consideration, a mystery?

The only really philosophic treatment of the novel has been made by Thomas Hill Green. Green admits the novel to be but a democratic art, and, therefore, in his opinion, an inferior art—an art whose subject-matter is the commonplaces only of ordinary life. I suppose that the experiences and dialogues in 'Wilhelm Meister' were commonplace experiences and conversations to the author of 'Faust.' But if prose fiction be a democratic art, and if the principle of conscious selection be a distinguishing characteristic of aristocracy, then the short story must be the aristocrat among works of prose fiction. Green, I suspect, would have called it the demagogue.

But, is short story writing a process of art? Art is the effective representation, or bodying forth, in sensuous forms, of concepts of beauty. It is not an imitation of objective fact. It is a setting forth of the artist's idea of the fact; its product is the fact transmuted by the power of imaginative thought into something not theretofore on land or sea or in the mind or heart of man. Brander Matthews's quality of 'a touch of fantasy' ascribed to the short story, may be a quality of an inferior form of the short story, but in the genuinely dramatic short story fantasy is sublimated into imagination. The product of art is a creation, and a creation in a two-fold sense. It is a creation, first, in the artist's mind, in that the conceptual form is a new thing, and, second, it is a creation in that the final objective form which the artist presents to the world is a recreated form of the concept in the artist's mind, recreated by virtue of the medium through which the concept is transferred to the world of communicable facts.

The short story seldom reaches the level of high art, unless we grant that impressionistic art is of a lofty character, though I am not at all willing to concede a close analogy between the art of the short story writer and that

of the impressionistic painter. The function of the short story, as of the impressionistic painting, is to leave upon the mind one vivid impression of the emotion first aroused in the mind of the artist by the experience of the unique situation or incident portrayal, but the art of the short story is a higher form of art than that of the painting of the impressionists, because the impression transferred by the short story is a more communicable one than that transferred by the impressionistic painting. It is more communicable because, in the first place, of the more universal medium employed, language; and, in the second place, because of the more universal appeal of narration as against description, narration being dynamic while description is static; and, in the third place, historically, because of the greater genius of men who have practised the art of short story writing. But the short story seldom reaches the level of high art, because seldom does it present the likeness of human nature under stress of genuinely great emotion and mental agitation. Thomas Hill Green would contend that only the presentation of great human nature under stress of genuinely great emotion and mental agitation is great art. But we should be false to the instincts of our democratic age, did not we assume all human nature to be great.

At times, however, the short story does attain a height of art that is lofty and noble. Is there not beneath the peaceful pastoral atmosphere of 'Ruth,' human nature under stress of genuinely great emotion and mental agitation? Again, if Balzac's 'The Conscript' is not to be ranked among works of greatest art, yet surely there is delineated there human nature under such conditions as these. Such aspects of human nature as are revealed in the deeds recorded in 'Ruth' and in 'The Conscript,' deeds characteristic of the persons performing them—these are the concepts of beauty that are bodied forth in the dramatic, or genuine short story.

The sensuous medium through which these characteristically significant events are represented is that of all literature, namely, language, and in the case of the short story, specifically, prose, not verse. And yet there is no essential distinction between the diction of the poet and that of the short story writer. Both may use the language of ordinary life, although each strips away all the imperfections of common life conversation that displease or disgust. Each uses words which occupy the mind with feeling rather than with knowing. Each must use figurative language, for, if he does not, the language and the thought become frigid. The real poet and the real short story writer think in figures, and figurative language is the language of feeling. The poet and the short story writer alike think in pictures, and their words must accordingly suggest visual images. Both must use rhythmical language, for rhythm inevitably comes into speech whenever speech is employed to express emotion, and he is not an artist who does not express emotion. The short story writer, too, must, as well as the poet, use language that has tone color; that is, language that is capable of giving pleasure

through its sound alone, either by means of words that are purely imitative or words that are merely suggestive of sound.

To be art, the representation of characteristically significant and meaningful aspects of human nature through the medium of a carefully chosen body of diction is not of necessity a sort of representation, nor a representation of a sort of subject-matter, that, as Tolstoi insists, the ditch-digger may appreciate and enjoy, nor, on the other hand, need it be such as the best educated and most cultured may appreciate and enjoy, nor even such as the **average man** may appreciate and enjoy. It may be readily admitted that a given work of art may appeal chiefly to any one of these classes, provided—and here we acknowledge sitting lovingly at the feet of Plato—that the effect of the work of art in its limited appeal contributes something to the advancement of the status of humankind. Effective representation in the short story is such a representation as will convey precisely from the life of the writer to the life of the reader that one undivided and unembellished view of human relationships which the writer has uniquely grasped in his experience of that aspect of human nature which the event portrayed reveals, whether that event be the taking of a redoubt or the vacillating of the mind of the coward which results in self-murder, whether it be a vision beatific, a vision of the lowest depths of inferno, or a mixed vision of judgment.

This conveying of a unified impression is that which has been said to distinguish the short story from the novel. But is there not a unified impression left upon the mind by the reading of 'The Scarlet Letter,' or 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' or 'Les Misérables'? It is not alone the question of simple or complex impressions that differentiates the short story from the novel, any more than it is single as against numerous incidents; it is a combination of the two. The narration of one event or situation, with the distinct and distinctly fulfilled conscious purpose of conveying one impression, is that which, more than all else, sets off from the larger form of prose fiction the short story as a literary genre.

Poe, in his criticism of Hawthorne's stories, avers that the writer of tales conceives with deliberate care a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, and then invents such incidents as may best aid him in establishing the preconceived effect. Now, a preconceived effect, and that effect a hoax, appears to have been the incentive to a good deal more of Poe's critical writings even than of his tales. Such a method as he describes is often the method of the novelist, especially of the writer of the so-called novel of purpose, as, for example, Dickens, when he wishes to describe the foggy atmosphere of the English law courts and the circumlocution office or how not to do it methods of the English red-tape government, or as Kingsley, when he wishes to show the English people that the death struggle between Paganism and Christianity took place long, long ago, and that the revival of Paganism in modern England is a species of atavism. But

the true artist of the short story proceeds with his task in exactly the opposite fashion. He has his experience of life, its effect upon him is meditated upon; then, with conscious and deliberate care, with 'apt word,' with phrase 'stripped to run for its life,' with strictest unity, with correct emphasis, with climatic sequence, he presents to us the situation so that to us is communicated the effect which the experience had upon him. This is realism? But what more romantic than intense interest in detail! In the short story, romanticism and realism, like mercy and truth, have met together, like righteousness and peace, have kissed each other. We may grant, for example, that Kipling in many of his stories wishes to enlighten the British public upon the defects of the Anglo-Indian governmental system. But his chief purpose is not to overthrow organization and form in government in India or anywhere, but it is by communication with his kind to unburden himself of the poignant experiences which Indian life has poured in upon his soul.

The short story artist, then, is an inductive rather than a deductive reasoner upon the facts of human life.

A single incident or situation narrated with the single purpose of conveying a single impression would not alone distinguish the modern short story from the pre-nineteenth century anecdote. Jotham's story of the trees searching for a king, and the parables of the New Testament, are of this character. That which makes the short story of today a distinctly modern form of art is the highly conscious method of its writer, his thorough understanding of the means by which his effect is to be gained—not simply an instinct for form combined with the gift of narrative, but a highly conscious, rational understanding of method. The short story writer of today, like the poet, gives his words wings, but, unlike the earlier teller of tales, he knows that he must first 'dig his words up by the roots.' Again, if the artist as such is such, in part, because of his insight into the universal bearing and inlook of his experience and thought, the modern short story artist is more consciously restrained than his predecessor in the explicit expression of the metaphysical implications of his recorded thought and experience.

It would be suggested from the above that the short story is, in a certain very definite sense, an objective form of art. It is objective because it is confined to a single point of human experience. However important the one thing of the short story may be, however much of earth or of heaven may be concentrated in that one thing, yet, since it is one thing, since it is the representation of the microcosmic exclusively, since it shows that, not the sequence of the emotional life of an individual, but one emotional experience of an individual, is of keen interest, it is therefore objective. The essence of subjectivity is suggestiveness. The short story is, to be sure, suggestive of the world-order, but in its conscious claims it is not. Balzac, in the closing sentence of 'The Conscript,' revealed the mind of the novelist rather than of the short story artist, and that last sentence has nothing to do with the

story itself. The leap into the dark, or into the light it may be, of the best short story is to be made by the reader; the writer keeps his footing firm upon the one rock of objective fact. Even though the story may be of imagination all compact, even though it may be a purely psychological study, yet, because of its self-imposed limitations, the one thing represented is an abstracted detail, and hence objective.

Here we touch upon the cause of the vogue of the modern short story. Interest in detail for its own sake is characteristic of modern politics, of modern industry, of modern science of course, and of modern scholarship. Art, likewise, perceives that its function today is not alone the great setting forth of the awakening of the human soul or of the human soul's great achievements and grand failures, but also the adequate presentation of that soul's stuff and of its relations item by item, and each item in isolation. The mint and anise and cummin are perceived to be of import as well as the weightier matters of the law, and of import in and of themselves. Shall this new wine in the vaults of the artist be stored in the old bottles? Well, as Spinoza has pointed out, a hammer cannot be made without a hammer. So, at hand is found a form of expression eminently popular at all times, better adapted to emphatic expression of detail than is the novel, better adapted to communication than is verse, certain to be especially popular in a time of hurry and lack of continuous mental effort. We consciously adopt it, improve it, make it a fit receptacle for the new matter. This appears, mayhap, a very mechanical process for art to follow, but there is no form of literary art, not even the sonnet, to which the mechanics of composition are more essentially important than the successfully excellent short story. Here form is, not paramount, but, without qualification or peradventure, it is here absolutely essential to the effect sought.

The modern short story, as we understand it today, came into vogue, and may almost be said to have originated in the early years of the nineteenth century. This statement as to origin must be made with considerable hesitation, for when we attempt to trace the history of the short story, we occasionally find among the mountainous masses of short stories of earlier days some that appear to be of the modern type.

Asia, in one way or another the source and the goal of nearly all things, furnished the mediæval short story writers with both form and subject-matter for their brief tales. The *Kalilah ve Dimnah*, attributed to Bidpai or Pilpay, and supposed to be now at least two thousand years old, was translated in the sixth century A. D. from an Indian tongue into Persic, thence into Syriac, then from the Indian into Arabic and thence into Greek about 1100 A. D. It was also translated into Latin in the thirteenth century, from a Hebrew version. This famous collection of tales exercised considerable influence upon European fiction, though not previous to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Greek stories of Xenophon the Ephe-

sian, who, some time between the first and the sixth centuries A. D., wrote in five books of 'The adventures of a young married couple and the triumph of conjugal love,' and the 'Josaphat and Barlaam' of John of Damascus, and the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, also exerted a marked influence upon the literature of Western Europe. But it is more directly to the collection known as 'Seven Wise Masters,' or the 'Parables of Sandabar,' and to the tales of Petrus Alphonsus, that the early French writers of *fabliaux* owe their chief debt. Sandabar was an Arabian and lived about 100 B. C. The source of his stories is, probably, Indian. European versions of his work were made, first in Hebrew, then in Greek, next in Latin, and then in French, the French translation being made during the reign of Louis IX. Petrus Alphonsus, an Arragonese of the twelfth century, borrowed from the Arabian writers of fables, and wrote, in Latin, about thirty tales.

The original '*Gesta Romanorum*,' written probably about the year of the birth of Chaucer, say, 1340, retelling and imitating for the most part the tales of Petrus Alphonsus and of the '*Kalilah ve Dimnah*,' almost inextricably mixing up classical stories and oriental fables with Gothic manners and customs, was the principal source for the Italian short stories of the later middle age, though the greater part of these stories appear to have been told by the *Trouvères* of northern France before the stories appreciably affect the tale-tellers of Italy. The compilers of the *Gesta* do not seem to have copied from the *Trouvères*, but, a little later, drew from the same sources as they. The first important collection of stories in Italian was made some time during the first half of the fourteenth century, and is called the '*Cento Novelle Antiche*,' one hundred ancient tales. This was followed by the well-known Decameron of Boccaccio. In both the '*Cento Novelle*' and the '*Decameron*' the effect of Italian study of classical literature is clearly seen in the orderly restraint and method as compared with the exuberant extravagance, both in form and incident, of the chivalric romances. Boccaccio was followed by numerous *Novellieri*, among the most important of whom were Sacchetti, Massucio, and Straparola.

In Spain it was the grandson of the god-father of Petrus Alphonsus who first introduced oriental fables under the guise of contemporary places and characters. This was Don Juan Manuel, born 1280, and thus a contemporary of Petrarch. But it was not until Juan de Timoneda in 1576 published his '*Patranuelo*,' or 'Story Teller,' that for Spain was done what the *Novellieri* had accomplished in Italy; that is, the reducing to writing of the stories from various sources that for centuries had been flotsam and jetsam on the sea of European fiction.

Certainly in many of the mediæval writers I have cited, such as Boccaccio in '*Griselda*' and especially in '*Frederick and his Falcon*,' such as Don Juan Manuel in '*El Conde Lucanor*,' especially in the story entitled 'What Happened to a Certain Young Man on the Day of His Marriage,' and

such as, later, among the Spanish imitators of the Italian *Novellieri*, Montalvan, in 'The Effect of Being Undeceived'—certainly among these writers are to be found examples of the type of the modern short story; written, though with less conscious art, and, even when as nearly perfect in form as the (somewhat imperfect) 'Lear of the Steppes' of Turgenieff, and with equal depicting of reality and stern disregard of so-called poetic justice, yet largely so by, as it were, chance. Then, too, even if they are often less shallow in meaning than the stories of Maupassant and of Arthur Morrison, yet they are never so near consummate perfection in mere workmanship.

Back to all this ancient and mediæval story-telling may be traced the genealogy of the modern English, American, French, German, Russian and Scandinavian short story. Had Chaucer's tales been written in prose, we should have English as well as continental ancestry for our modern short story. And yet this matter of the ancestry of literary types may be, and oftener than not is, greatly overestimated and overdrawn. It is quite conceivable that an Esquimaux at this very hour may be relating a story with plot, incident, and method quite of the same character as one by Bourget or by Barrie. Doubtless he is not furnished with any names whatever for his tools, and yet quite possibly he may be entirely conscious of his end in view, his means, and his method, and this despite all lack of the slightest tinge of Indo-European influence. But if we must, perforce, search for traces of heredity, then the one species of literature which stands out pre-eminently the bright particular star among the forebears of the modern short story is the Breton dialect lay. The lay has been defined by Tyrwhitt as 'a light, narrative poem of moderate length, simple style, and easy measure, neither extended in incidents, as the romance, nor ludicrous, as is usually the case with the *Fabliaux*.' The '*lai*' in Welsh and Armorican was a simple recital of one action, interspersed with musical interludes. The musical interludes probably had the same relation to the action that our various means of securing suspense have to the clash and effects of the clash between character and obstacle. These lays were, of course, made literature by the *Trouvères*. If we should drop the metre and the rhyme, and introduce various circumstances relevant to the action, in place of the interludes of the minstrel, we should then have the mediæval example of our present day short story. Poe himself could not improve upon the horror of the '*Lai du Prisonnier*,' with its twelve ladies eating of the heart of a lover who had deceived each of them.

But there is a fundamental distinction between the purpose of the pre-nineteenth century anecdote or tale and the modern short story. The purpose of the ancient and mediæval story writer was the naive one to please and to be applauded, or it was to impart an effective moral lesson. The purpose of the short story writer of today is the subtly sophisticated one to convey vital experience from writer to reader. This purpose and the modern genius

for specialization are the dominating influences in the growth and power of the short story as a form of art. Today the man who does the small thing excellently, the man who views the form, it may be, of the slight thing as well as its substance, *sub specie aeternitatis*, he, in Carlylean phrase, is the worshipful man. It should be clearly seen that in the case of the short story the form, today, is consciously adopted. The writer of the short story is, no doubt, less an unconscious instrument of his time than is any other artist. He divines the taste of his time most clearly, and he adapts his labors to that taste more consciously than does any other artist of equal or higher rank. He, at least, has learned that to be great he must minister, not 'first' alone, but all the time. In respect of the short story, also, the peculiar individuality of the writer has more to do with the peculiar tone of his output than has the state of culture in his day. Difficult as it is for men to reflect consistently for an appreciable length of time, yet our own is a distinctively reflective age. Now, although the drama is not the product of an age of reflection, yet the short story artist has made the dramatic short story the most telling literary product of our time. Conscious literary art, adapting itself to the taste of the immediate age, sums up the whole matter of the origin and growth of the modern short story. And yet, because the short story is a medium for the conveying of vital, personal experience, it is not the outcome of time-serving opportunism.

American literature in most of its aspects halts tardily behind the literatures of Europe, but the short story of the modern type affords a striking exception. Possibly Puritanism may have had some slight effect upon the rise of the short story in America. Although it may be, as Chesterton suggests, that Cromwell and his sort appear to have been always talking when they were not crying, and although the New England Puritan could and did preach practically all the hours of the Lord's day, yet no maxim was more often and more rigidly inculcated by our American literary progenitors than that of Cotton Mather, 'Be Short.' Then, here in America, were a people among whom were many men and women of fine instincts, feeling the need of some amusement and some culture. Irving, having already successfully imitated Addison and Steele in his 'Salamagundi Papers,' took his cue from the tales incorporated in the *Spectator* to illustrate by concrete example the special doctrine of the periodical paper of the hour, and he decided to narrate similar stories apart from the setting of the essay. It is true that Hoffman and Tieck in Germany were writing stories at the same time as were Hawthorne and Poe, and under the same sort of romantic influences and impressions. But the evidence of German influence over Hawthorne is almost too slight to be taken into court, and if Poe had any obvious literary ancestors they were the writers of the English school of mystery and terror, and, even more, Charles Brockden Brown. The facts are that the tales of Addison were parts of a larger whole, just as are the

episodes of a novel; and that the stories of Hoffman and Tieck lack the precision of form and the excision of digressions and irrelevancy which strongly characterize the work of Irving, and, much more strongly, that of Hawthorne and Poe. Bret Harte, also, is far from explainable by any safe hypothesis of literary ancestry.

How far the direct influence of our American trio, not to say triumvirate, Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, may have reached the work of Turgenieff and Tolstoi, of Stevenson and Kipling, of Maupassant, Daudet and Flaubert, of Bjornson, it would, I think, be impossible accurately to determine. In the work of Merimée and Balzac there appears to be a very direct influence from this side the sea, especially through Baudelaire's translation of Poe, which was made in 1841. A much stronger influence from America is easily discernable in the minor English and French story writers. Looking at the matter from the point of view of dates, and taking together the mass of hints and suggestions, the irreducible minimum of truth is that American writers preceded European in the writing of modern short stories, and there is little room for cavil that the writings of Hawthorne, of Irving, and more especially of Poe, have had a strong influence upon the short stories of nineteenth century European writers.

The greater number of successful short story writers have been novelists as well. Dickens and, in a measure, Scott, were adepts at both. Balzac and Tolstoi have done brilliantly at each. Had Stevenson's 'Weir of Hermiston' been finished, and were it not for the necessity of the reader's first-hand knowledge of the Scotch manner of speech for a thorough appreciation of the characters, Stevenson would have taken rank with the great novelists as well as with the great short story writers. Bjornson's and Daudet's novels, on the other hand, are not of high quality as compared with their short stories. Kipling's novels are amorphous. Kipling is too obviously imbued with the industrial bustle and the scientific interest in detail of the present hour to linger lovingly over a work of length and breadth. Even Hawthorne, though 'The Scarlet Letter' is his greatest work, shows a much more labored oar in the steering of a novel than in that of a short story. Poe wrote no novel. Sustained flight of imagination and long-suffering care in the planning and arrangement of a long and closely connected series of incidents, Poe gives no evidence of possessing.

Poe lacked the moral character necessary to understand and sympathetically to follow a character through a long process of development or of deterioration. The orator, it is often, but not too often or, at least, too emphatically repeated, must be a *vir bonus*. Even so and more also must this apply to the greater artist. Benvenuto Cellini made wonderful medals, but his larger works did not rise above the level of ordinary decorative art. Benvenuto Cellini was a Renaissance Titan whose moral life was absolutely without law and order. The hypothesis, however, of the intimate and

necessary relation between high moral character and great artistic achievement, has not yet risen to the dignity of a theory, for no one, thus far, has been able satisfactorily to explain why Turner could paint anything but hogs in his landscapes or sharks in his waterscapes.

Some great novelists have not attained high levels in the writing of short stories. Thackeray, for example, according to Pater, has written the greatest novel, 'Henry Esmond,' but does 'A Princess's Tragedy' take rank among the foremost of short stories? Cervantes in 'The Generous Lover' superbly planned the action, but the almost interminable conversations are absolutely impossible. The writer of the novel is not, just because he is a fictive artist, a writer of short stories, nor is the converse true, for the art of the novel and the art of the short story are two arts, not one.

The short stories of such writers as Balzac and Tolstoi may, notwithstanding the strictures of Ferdinand Brunetiere, be regarded as 'chips from the workshops' where their more ambitious works have been carved out. Not by any means that they are but particles inadvertently or even consciously hewn off the main body of their labors, and then picked up at random and polished off at leisure. The drama of human life has been the object of the study of these masters. An aspect of this drama, in all its singleness, forces itself upon the mind and heart of Tolstoi or of Balzac. The journey of life has, in a given instance, not appeared as that of a leisurely cavalcade, but the riding has been like the riding of Jehu. A vision in its oneness, is what he has experienced, and that vision, stripped of all its elaborate after-suggestiveness, is what he feels the impulse and the desire to convey to others. The impulse back of the writing of the greatest short stories has without doubt been, more often than not, the poetic impulse to expression rather than the prosaic one to communication. The sharp pang of experience, deliriously delicious, or agonizingly painful, must be thrown off in a passion of desire to relieve one's self of its poignancy.

But we began with the hypothesis that the short story is a product of highly conscious art; we appear to have arrived at the statement that it is a product of the throes of spirit under immediate impulse. I think the two views are reconcilable. After all, the world's great short story writers are very few, lamentably few, and then, too, it is not until the conscious care has become a part, as it were, of the second self, of the second nature, that the artist becomes master of himself and of his art. Then it is that, under stress of heated and lively emotion, his prosaic thought may be transfigured into poetic. In fact, barring the matters, one might almost say the accidents of rhyme and metre, I see no difference, no essential difference, between, not to go far afield, say, the 'Dramatic Idylls' of Browning on the one hand, and on the other Markheim, 'The Necklace,' 'A Problem of Life,' 'The Goblet,' 'The Death of Ivan Ilyitch.'

Has there been a development in the art during a century of short

story writing? Yes, both in form and in subject-matter. In simplicity and precision of diction and in 'inimitable felicity of construction' characteristic of individual writers there has been a noteworthy advance. Progress in subject-matter has kept step with scientific sociological advance. In the stories of Irving there is but little revelation of the deeper springs of human action. Poe's stories, in the main, are studies of the externalities of life and conduct. Hawthorne and Balzac, much more than these, and with great subtlety and effectiveness, present universal human feelings and phases of psychological experience. But not until later do we observe struck with master hand the note of man's wide relationships to man, the study of society no longer simply structurally, but functionally. Not until the age of Kipling do we find the finger consciously laid in obvious manner upon the situations in man's life which make him one with his kind and a part of all that he has met, in an explicitly observed and rationalized sense.

The modern short story, then, is a product of highly self-conscious art. It is an objective form of art. In compass it is brief, in structure dramatic, in diction choice and precise, in subject-matter limited only by the significant experience of the artist and the fact that it is an event narrated, in purpose simply and merely the transferring from the life of the writer, without let or hindrance, precisely the individual experience which the artist has conceived worth while to communicate to a world that may thereby be made a nobler, or a better informed world, or, at the least, a world nearer of kin with himself, because it is living over again the experience which has been a part of his life.

While the short story began to have its present day distinctive character in America, in the nineteenth century, and as a result of the modern genius for specialization and the desire for the universalizing of individual experience, yet today there are thousands of men and women the world over, who, many of them remote from any of the specializing influences of the scientific spirit of the age, are practising the art of short story writing. Despite the fact, however, of the multitudes who are practising the art, the world's greatest short stories are far fewer in number than its few really great paintings or master-pieces of music. And yet these few are worthy of study, not only as symptoms of sociological phenomena, but also as products of literary art.

IBSEN'S INFLUENCE UPON GERMAN LITERATURE

By F. G. G. SCHMIDT

IT is a well-known fact that German writers have at all times shown much interest in foreign literatures. Modern German dramatists and Daudet; of Tolstoi and Turgenieff, of Björnson and Ibsen have been and still are observant students of Zola, Maupassant, Ibsen, especially, is so frequently associated with the dramas of modern life that 'Ibsenism' has been made a distinctive characterization in literature.

For twenty-seven years Ibsen lived abroad, with only occasional visits to Norway. His final return did not take place until 1891. As a large part of his exile was spent in Germany, it cannot be a matter of surprise that a circle of admirers gathered around him, receiving considerable impetus, partly by coming in personal contact with him, partly by the numerous productions of his genius.

Yet Ibsen's influence is of comparatively recent date. To be sure, an essay, in which the works of Ibsen were reviewed by George Brandes, in 1867, and which called attention to their rare worth, made the poet's name known beyond Norway. But he had nearly reached the age of sixty before Germany understood him and appreciated his talent as a dramatist, and before his plays were permitted to be presented upon the German stage. It was not until the end of the seventies that the German public took an interest in his productions, when his play, 'The Pillars of Society' (written in 1877), was given in Berlin theatres.

It is a drama of modern life, that appealed to the taste of the public. It is especially in his social dramas that he has struck the highest note of modern dramatic art. They bear the stamp of reality; they give rise to a school whose teachings have left an indelible mark upon the literature of the century. That such men as Julius Hoffory, Otto Brahm and Paul Schlenther, in their admiration for Ibsen, have contributed considerably to spread the fame of the poet, need hardly be mentioned. His success in Germany is in a great measure undoubtedly due to his dramatic talent and theatrical skill and, perhaps, also, to the subject matter of his dramas. The nervous unrest, which had taken possession of the people in the presence of so many unsolved problems at the beginning of a period which modern critics have styled 'Modern Storm and Stress,' the pessimistic mood, which arises from this unrest, the ambition to widen the scope of individual life, the strife for social progress—all these phenomena have to be taken into

consideration, in order to fully appreciate and understand the attitude of the modern school of German dramatists, in order to realize how much they were subject to Ibsen's influence. Only from this point of view can we understand and view the literary consciousness and the endeavors of contemporary German literature.

Ibsen's whole problem, as has been repeatedly emphasized by his numerous commentators, is the relation of the individual to his social and personal surroundings; 'these are studies accordingly in human responsibility, and the characters are intended as types of the race in modern social conditions.'

Ibsen, finding such conditions inherently bad, fearlessly holds his hand upon the feverish pulse of modern life, now noting one disorder and again another, always recording faithfully what he sees and what he believes to be the symptoms, seldom prescribing a remedy, but merely stating the case; destroying, but suggesting no remedy, only hoping that a cure would be found as soon as the facts were known. The phases of the disease that he described were sometimes abnormal, sometimes hideous. It is for this reason that his productions have been called works of social, moral and intellectual radicalism in its intensest forms. It is for this reason that he has been called a pessimist. His pessimism is well worth looking into.

In Stockholm in 1887, Ibsen said: 'I am a pessimist inasmuch as I do not believe in the eternity of human ideals, but I am also an optimist, inasmuch as I firmly believe that ideals may be transmitted and developed. To express it more definitely, I believe that the ideals of our time—in perishing—tend toward what I called "the third kingdom" in my drama, "Emperor and Galilean."' The third kingdom, according to Ibsen's idea, is the amalgamation of paganism and Christianity, the combination of individualism and socialism. Ibsen's pessimism is then not of a metaphysical, but of a moral, nature; it has its root in a conviction of the possibility of the realization of the ideal; it is as Brandes has so aptly called it 'an indignation pessimism.' His lack of sympathy for suffering is due to his firm belief in the educating power of suffering. These petty human beings can only become large through suffering. Anyone, who has felt how well a human being may be equipped by adversity, believes in the use of pain, of adversity and of oppression. This is most plainly visible in his 'Emperor and Galilean.'

Gloomy though his views may seem, he has the highest hopes, the greatest confidence in the new life that will be called into being through misfortune. In his quality of moralist and polemic, it seems but natural that he should dwell more on the wickedness of humanity than on its blindness and lack of discretion. He sees in society the embodiment of those who shun the truth and who are ever on the alert to conceal evils with empty phrases. Thus it came to be his chief intellectual delight to disturb public equanimity by his polemic attitude, hence his inherent tendency to justify

in sharp and bitter expressions, his attitude toward the majority. The sole object in which he believes and for which he cherishes respect is *personality*.

No one who like Ibsen believes in the rights and capabilities of the emancipated individual; no one who has placed himself on a war footing with his environments, holds a very flattering opinion of the masses. Ibsen's views of life—no matter how gloomy and dark they may seem—possess powerful elements of truth. Over all his productions, both before and during his stay in foreign countries, there lingers one and the same prevailing mood whose main characteristics are free from restraint and cheerless despondency, and this fundamental tone permeates everything with which he creates the strongest impression. His works bear the stamp of reality and everything that is connected with realism.

Realism is the fundamental tone of the school of modern German dramatists. The topics and ideals that are uppermost in the consciousness of the present time are those concerning 'religion, grades of society and their struggle for existence, class distinctions, especially those between rich and poor, social influence and social dependence, and, finally, distinctions between the two sexes, the mutual erotic and social relations of man and woman, especially woman's economical, moral and spiritual emancipation.' These are questions that have agitated the minds of many foreign, especially German, writers, having modern ideas and tendencies. Under such conditions German writers easily became children of their time, following in many respects the leader of the North. While it cannot be said that all of these topics—just mentioned—have chiefly occupied Ibsen, yet it is true that he has touched upon all of them in his plays, in some with more and in others with less emphasis. In the dramas of our classical writers the struggle for political and spiritual freedom plays a very prominent rôle. Class distinctions have been a favorite theme in various German dramas of an earlier period. But the tendency of poetry to deal with social problems is only of recent date. In the social drama, Ibsen has created a most profound impression, and it is in this that he has exerted his greatest influence upon the present dramatists of Germany.

It cannot be within the scope of this paper to trace minutely the characteristics pointing toward influence received from Ibsen in the dramas of modern Germans. Some of them have followed Ibsen unconsciously, others intentionally, some more, some less. All that this paper desires to show is the fact that Ibsen has left his mark upon numerous plays of German writers. Among the most prominent dramatists of the present time—Hauptmann, Sudermann, and, to some extent, even Wildenbruch, must be considered as having received considerable impetus from his works.

'Von Sonnenaufgang' (Before Sunrise), was Hauptmann's first drama to be performed. He calls it a 'social drama.' In this fearfully realistic play Helene is deprived of her last hope of salvation by the scientific spirit

of the day. All that remains for her is self-destruction. It cannot escape the observer that Ibsen's 'Wild Duck' has served as a model in many places, while the ideas of Tolstoi and Zola and the socialist Bebel, are at times visible. Ibsen's play is gloomy and despairing. Physical distress and suffering is the theme of both plays.

This tragic element, which is always present when the individual revolts against his surroundings, is also found in other plays of Hauptmann, as in 'Professor Crampton,' 'The Coming of Peace,' 'Lonely Souls,' and 'The Weavers.' With great skill and strength the author unfolds characters that reflect social degradation and passions of the worst kind. The unavoidable consequences of heredity and environment, the sufferings of the lower working classes, the brutality of their unclean lives, the terrors of starvation, are described with vivid force that frequently remind us of Ibsen's influence.

There was no theatre in Berlin which would perform such unconventional plays except the one founded by a society of young authors and called 'Die freie Bühne.' Here was given for the first time in Germany Ibsen's 'Ghosts' and Hauptmann's 'Before Sunrise.' This, and other plays by Hauptmann, were quite in line with the policy laid down by the young reformers. In his masterpiece, 'The Sunken Bell,' which expresses protest against the materialism of the day and its conventional fetters, critics hold that Hauptmann received suggestions from Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt,' 'Brand' and 'The Masterbuilder.' Similarities exist, it is true, but they are in this case in a great measure doubtless merely accidental.

All of Sudermann's dramas are full of this individualistic striving, this revolt of the individual against conventional ideals. In his dramas 'Honor' and 'Sodom's End,' Sudermann followed foreign authors, especially Ibsen in his 'Pillars of Society,' and 'Ghosts,' the most dreadful and thrilling of all of Ibsen's works.

'Magda' (*Heimat*), perhaps, as regards contents and form, the most mature drama of Sudermann, pictures the contrast of two conflicting worlds, and the earnest striving toward the full development of the individual. The resemblance of the heroine, Magda, to Ibsen's Nora, in the 'Dolls House,' can hardly be called accidental. Ibsen's play furnishes an illustration of the customary sacrifice of the individuality of the woman to that of the man whom she married. Nora, the doll of this house, is an undeveloped child in mind and morals and sacrifices honor to love, and in order to help her husband forges her father's name to a document. At the end all her illusions have vanished. She sees and understands the nature of the doll's house, in which she has lived, and determines for her children's sake and her own to leave it. Ibsen believes that the individual should remain free and whole; all concessions made to the world represent to him the evil principle. It is this spirit that causes Nora to refuse to consider her obliga-

tions toward her husband and children as her most sacred duties, for a far more sacred duty she believes she owes herself. Therefore, it is that to Helmer's 'You are before all else a wife and mother' she replies: 'I am before all else a human being—or, at all events, I shall endeavor to become one.' And in another place: 'I must try to find out which is right, society or myself.'

This same spirit, 'the sacredness of personal obligations and the recognition of the supreme duty of faithfulness to one's highest self,' is strongly expressed in Suderman's play when Magda's individuality bursts all bonds, when he makes her say: 'I will not, I cannot, for I am I, and I dare not lose myself.'

Sudermann is in no small degree indebted to Ibsen, not only in the plays just mentioned, but in all those in which this tyranny of conventional ideas and the duty of the individual to free himself from them, are brought out. It cannot always be determined, of course, where Sudermann borrowed and where he followed his own ideas. Notwithstanding all dissimilarities of nature—which at times seem very evident—he has those things in common with Ibsen which naturally are found in the works of contemporaries who have been roused to emulation in the treatment of the same subject matter. In 'Johannes'—which has been compared to Ibsen's 'Emperor and Galilean'—it seems particularly difficult to trace Ibsen's influence by way of comparison. Yet similarities exist, whether they are accidental or not we will not at present discuss.

That Wildenbruch himself has been deeply affected by the realistic upheaval of the last decade, cannot be denied. Whether this is due to any influence of Ibsen, direct or indirect, cannot be determined so easily. Yet it seems almost impossible to resist the impression that his naturalism or realism, as it is found in his works, 'Haubenlerche' (1890) and 'Meister Balzer' (1891-92), is more or less attributable to the spirit introduced by the poet of the North. His great historical drama, 'Henry and Henry's Race,' bears the stamp of individualistic temperament. The subject of the drama is a struggle between king and priest. The principal combatants are Henry IV. and Gregory VII. Both men die in defeat and desolation. The keynote is the tragedy of the individual. He sees and depicts the individual primarily in his struggle against the physical forces of life. Stern and absolute indifference, consistent disregard of all consequences alone can assure individual success. This thought, repeatedly brought out in a number of Wildenbruch's dramas, is of considerable significance in comparing his realistic dramas with those of Ibsen. They oppose conventional restrictions and often approach life from its darkest side. They are an expression of eternal longing for larger individual freedom.

Among Max Halbe's earlier dramas there are two or three of decided individuality and power, that show to a marked degree 'Ibsenism.' They are

'The Upstart' (1889), 'Free Love' (1890) and 'Ice Drifting' (1892). With 'Mother Earth' as Franke points out (see 'Glimpses of Modern German Culture' p. 131), Halbe has 'struck a theme which leads into the very midst of the great struggle that divides modern Germany into two hostile camps, the struggle between the traditions of the past and the ideals of the future. The particular form which this struggle assumes in the present case is the conflict between love pure and simple, based upon instinct and the emotions, and the sublimated love of intellectual companionship.'

Among the admirers and followers of Ibsen must also be counted Richard Voss (1851), Hermann Bahr (1863), Wolfgang Kirchbach (1857), Hans von Basedow (1857) and, finally, Arno Holz and Johannes Schlaf.

Voss's drama 'Alexandra' (1886) is a most harrowing and pessimistic production. Ibsen's 'Ghosts' is taken as a model. The principal character Alexander shows close resemblance to Alving in 'Ghosts.' In its pessimism and gross realism it surpasses Ibsen's play, while in its technique it is decidedly inferior. Herman Bahr's first drama 'Die neuen Menschen' is likewise influenced by Ibsen's 'Ghosts.' It ends in self-destruction, because the ideal that has been awakened cannot be attained. His second drama 'The Great Sin' is dedicated to the 'Gross meister' of the modern drama and is completely under the influence of Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People,' in which play 'the hero, Dr. Stockmann, tells the truth in regard to the corruption of the medicinal waters that had brought visitors and prosperity to a little town in Norway. Every one knows that it is the truth and he is stoned and driven out for uttering it.' The Great Sin—as Bahr's play is called—consists in the effort to be true, in the revolt against the one great lie, conventionalism. The reader easily and justly yields to the impression that it was written by a socialist, inasmuch as it reminds those who are well situated in life of their duties, endeavoring to inspire them with sympathy for the poor and lowly, and, in this particular case, sympathy for the convict Heyden, the hero of the play.

Hans von Basedow (1857), wrote in 1890 'Gerechte Menschen,' and dedicated it to Ibsen. Franz Wichmann, in his 'Moderne Dichtung' has pointed out that many a parallel can be drawn between Ibsen's 'Wild Duck' and Basedow's 'Gerechte Menschen.' The moral of the play is that 'just people' must perish in the society of today. There is no salvation unless it be in the conventional lie.

'Kirchbach's Warbler' (1886) and 'Family Selicé' by Holz and Schlaf, can hardly have been written without an impetus from Ibsen.

What attracted modern German dramatists to Ibsen was his high rank and fame as a poet and his skill and mastery in technique, his ideas concerning society, truth and freedom, his courage of conviction. But the German dramatists go a step farther than Ibsen. What Ibsen depicts is the struggle

between the modern spirit and the past; what the present German dramatists offer us—often unconsciously—is the struggle between the modern spirit and the spirit of the future. Their works represent in stronger color the eternal longing for larger individual freedom. They more frequently allow the higher qualities of human nature to triumph over evil. In this they have outstripped Ibsen. In other respects they show greater shortcomings. The idea of social wrong and conventional lies they have exaggerated. They have carried to excess the belief in the necessity of a revolting mind, the protest against existing principles, the amalgamation of individualistic and socialistic tendencies and sympathies. Their realism seems grosser, their pessimism blacker than Ibsen's.

Ibsen expects little or nothing from social reform. The revolution he raves about and labors for is the purely spiritual revolution. His is a brooding questioning nature, as he says himself: 'My calling is to question, not to answer.'

The present school of German dramatists, however, believe in social regeneration. Although, leaving out of account a few dramas and dramatists, it seems difficult to see clearly the beginning of a new idealism, yet, it is true, that they impress us with a sense of something truer and nobler than is to be.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED

By W. H. CARRUTH

THE question of the value of the translation of a poem depends on presumptions, which must be well understood before judgment is passed. At the start two different points of view present themselves. From one the highest virtue of the translator lies in an absolutely faithful rendering of substance and form, the object being not primarily to please the reader, but to give him, so far as possible, the exact impression made by the original. From the other point of view the translator seeks to catch the spirit of the original and to reproduce the substance in such a way as to win for the poem the fullest measure of appreciation, taking into consideration the different qualities of the language into which the translation is made, the change in conditions and in the taste of the reader.

According to the first view it is not permissible to improve on the original in any respect. And it is assumed that metrical effects will be the same in two languages from identical sequences of sounds and accents. This has been Professor Needler's point of view in his new translation of the 'Nibelungenlied'. Criticism of his assumption in this respect will not, therefore, be criticism of his work. Yet a few words first regarding this assumption.

We do not know completely the conditions under which the German epics were presented to their auditors, but it is commonly assumed that they were sung or, rather, chanted, with some sort of droning accompaniment or at least musical interludes. A professional chanter or sing-song reciter, with or without accompaniment, can overcome irregularities in metre which are quite intolerable in a merely measured, rational reading. The metrical system of the 'Nibelungenlied' is one of uniformity of stresses with great irregularity of unstressed syllables, responding to a musical rather than to an oratorical treatment. Consequently the reading aloud of the 'Nibelungenlied' is not a joy, poetically speaking, however great one's satisfaction in the language and the matter. An English rendering which proposes to follow the original in such details of metre subjects itself, therefore, to this drawback of the original without any poetical gain.

It should not be assumed that the metres of the 'Nibelungenlied' are artistic, even from the point of view of Middle High German. The musical rendering merely excused and covered irregularities of metre, just as today very imperfect versification is tolerated, or not even perceived, in the

The Nibelungenlied. Translated into rhymed English verse in the metre of the original, by George Henry Needler. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1904.

text of songs and operas. On the side of form the popular epics are not great. On the contrary, they are often crude. Their greatness lies in the primitive humanness of their characters and the tremendous power of the passions portrayed. The artistic beauties of the 'Nibelungenlied' are scantily scattered over the broad wild hills and mountains of adventure. It contains only eighty-four metaphors and similes, over thirty of these being repetitions, and not a dozen of them really of pictorial value. Accordingly we may justly say that there is little in the outward form of the 'Nibelungenlied' to favor a presumption for a close literal rendering. My own taste inclines rather to the entire freedom in rendering found in William Morris's 'Sigurd the Volsung,' which I believe does more to give the grandiose spirit of the old Germanic epic than can any version in the metres of the original.

But let us consider Professor Needler's work from his own point of view. As already remarked, the only constant features of the 'Nibelungen stanza' are four long lines, rhyming pairwise, the first three usually with six stresses, or *Hebungen*, the last with seven, the additional stress belonging to the second half. The number of syllables in the *Senkung*, or unaccented place, varies from none to two, though it is usually one; the rhythm is iambic; the lines have regularly a cæsure after the third stress, the first half-line usually ending feminine and the whole line masculine. It will thus appear that there is a normal stanza form, from which many deviations occur. The normal stanza consists of three lines iambic hexameter with a fourth heptameter, rhyming in couples.

It must become a problem for the translator whether he shall reproduce the irregularities of this stanza in the identical places where they occur in the original, or whether he shall simply employ the same sort of irregularities in about the same proportion as in the original, or, finally, whether he shall take advantage of all the possibilities of this stanza to give the most agreeable result in English. Professor Needler seems to have adopted the second of these methods, although a strict following of his primary point of view would have led to the choice of the first of them. Moreover, if he had pursued the first course there would have been more excuse for the many unpleasant and utterly unmusical irregularities of his stanzas. On the other hand, if he once felt at liberty to deviate in even the slightest respect from the metre of his original, one must regret that he did not adopt the normal form of the stanza, which is not unpleasantly harmonious.

To illustrate: Professor Needler renders the opening stanza as follows:

'To ús in ólden stóry are wónders mány tóld
Of heroes rich in glory, of trials manifold;
Of joy and festive greeting, of weeping and of woe,
Of kéenest wárrriors méeting, shall yé now mány a wónder knów.'

This follows the original save in two points: the second half of the first line in the original has no *Auftakt*, that is, does not begin with an unaccented syllable, and in the second half of the fourth line the syncopation "many a," is not found at this point in the original, but at the beginning of the second half-line. A precise metrical reproduction of these two lines would be, for the first:

'To ús in ólden stóry wónders greát are tóld.'
and of the second:

'Of kéenest wárrriors méeting ye shall nów full mány wónders knów.'

I do not suggest that my substitutes are better lines, but only that a strict adherence to the original was possible here, and has evidently not been attempted. It should also be observed that the first stanza in the original is metrically more nearly normal than the majority.

If all the stanzas of the translation were as smooth and unobjectionable as this first one, we should indeed have an admirable rendering into English. But, unfortunately, such is not the case. The desire for close literal rendering of the meaning and the unmusical possibilities of the metre have yielded each to other with most melancholy results. Space would not permit the citation even by number of the stanzas that might be bettered by the same liberties in versification which the translator allows himself elsewhere. Only a few for illustration. St 40:

'Of the kíngs high hórner and théir far-reáching míght,
Of théir far reáching májesty and hów each gállant kníght
Fóund his chieéfest pleásure in the life of chivalry,
In soóth by mórtal néver míght it fúll reláted bé.'

Not to mention the unfortunate stress on the opening 'Of,' the awkwardness of the last line is an instance of many similar ones. The instinct of an English reader would be to syncopate 'might it,' which, however, would leave but three stresses on the second half line, whereas, it is one of the virtues claimed for this version that it religiously preserves the four stresses. Of course Professor Needler scans the line as marked above. The infinitive at the end is a sample of a forced construction which recurs constantly in this work. It is fair to say that it often requires as much pains to scan four stresses into the last half line of the original, as it does in the translation.

Stanza 19 offers an instance of many forced constructions, not due to closely following the original:

'Upón her neárest kin,
That théy did sláy him láter, how wreákes she vengeance wíld!'
And here may follow a few others which need no comment:

St. 326 'Her lóve the príze of contest, she húrled the shaft with
váliant kníght.'

St. 327 'Fáiled hé in bút one tríal, fórfeitéd his héad had hé.'

- St. 329 'Then spáke of Rhíne the máster: 'I'll dówn untó the séa
Unto Brúnhild journey, fáre as 'twill with mé.
For hér unmeásured beauty I'll gládly risk my life,
Ready éke to lóse it, íf she máy not bé my wífe.'

Mark the scansion here and below.

- St. 337: 'And whén the dóughty Siégfried the síghtless mántle wóre,
Hád hé withín it of stréngth as goód a stóre
As óther mén a dózen withín himsélf alóne.'

Leaving to others to figure out the construction of this last line I hold my breath at the rendering of '*tarnkappen*' (the cloak that made invisible) by 'sightless mantle'! This is not an instance of archaism, however, though there are many in the translation. But unhappily the style is not uniformly archaic. The archaisms are plainly last resorts to meet the demands of rhyme or metre. Hence, they startle us when they meet us, as in

- St. 344: 'Weéds the véry fínest that éver might be fóund,'
or St. 375: 'Be thát to thée full sícker,'
or St. 1631: 'A kníght they fóund there sleéping that ne'ér should aúght
but wáke' (*i. e.* that was expected to stay awake).

A few more among hundreds of instances of intolerable constructions must be cited to show that I am not carping.

- St. 668: 'He díd there ás if Gúnther the míghty kíng he wére,
And ín his árms he préssed her, the maíden débónaír.
Forth fróm the béd she húrled him whére a bench there stoód.
And heád of váliant wárríor ágáinst a stoól went rínging loúd.'

It seems necessary to explain that the 'head of valiant warrior' is not 'going it alone,' but that it belongs to Siegfried, and also that the impersonal representation of the subject is not due to the original.

- St. 863: 'To gó untó his místress Hágen of Trónje sáw ye thén.'
St. 964: 'Than théy good kníghts were néver bétter sérvéd befóre.'
St. 970: 'Sore wás the nóble Siégfried with the pángs of thírst.'
St. 974: 'Theretó the dóughty Siégfried: 'I toó will gíve you gáin.'
'Afóre your feét at stárting to láy me ín the gráss.' (*i. e.* 'I
will give you besides this advantage, that I will lie down in the grass when
the word is given for starting.')

- St. 977: 'No mán in feáts of válor whó with him had víed.' (*i. e.*
There was no man who could have vied with him in feats
of valor.)

- St. 978: 'Yet hówsoe 'ér he thírsted no whít the héro dránk
Befóre had drúnk the mónarch: therefór he éárned but évil
thánk.'

St. 980: 'For his cúrtesy he súffered! Where bów and swórd there
láy.

Bóth did cárry Hágen fróm him thénce awáy,
And agáin sprang quíckly thíther whére the spéar did stánd:
And fór a cróss the túníc óf the váliant kníght he scánned.'

The splendid sixteenth *abenteuer* is all spotted over with such distorted sentences. And here I must stop. It is no pleasure to multiply such quotations. I cannot see how this translation is destined to help the spread or the true appreciation of the great German epic. With the liberties allowed by the variety of the original metres and actually indulged in by the translator it should have been possible to make a very much more readable, not to say more attractive, rendering. As it is, it does not seem to me to do full justice even to the metrical qualities of the original, while it certainly fails to furnish a smooth reading version from which one may derive the contents of the original without being delayed and worried by warped and involved English. With the pains needed to read Professor Needler's translations might almost acquire acquaintance with the original.

A GREAT AMERICAN POEM

BY WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH

'Eastward while my eyes were bended,
Morning's rapture unbegun,
All at once, amazing, splendid,
In the South arose the Sun.'

—'Faust.'

FOR a number of years there has been manifest in literary and critical circles a more or less eager expectancy of the 'great American novel.' Since this grand republic has forged so steadily, so conspicuously, so resistlessly to the front in so many elements and aspects of national greatness, having learned to lead the world in commerce, in industry, in finance, in war, in wealth, in diplomacy, in happiness, in beneficence, in charity, and almost in education, why should it linger behind in the nobler pursuits of peace, in science, in the fine arts, and in literature? These are indeed the lines of limitless desires, and along them the summits are much higher and steeper and harder to reach. But an encouraging start had already been made many years ago, and especially in literature lofty eminences had been attained. The primate, Nathaniel Hawthorne, had produced a *chef d'oeuvre* of weird romance in 'The Scarlet Letter,' and the genius of Edgar Allan Poe had not only originated and abundantly exemplified the Short Story, but had created its model and masterpiece in 'The Fall of the House of Usher.' It was natural, then, that the national spirit, lifting itself up to planetary views and ambitions, should demand something in literature commensurate with its triumphs in other regions of endeavor; and since literature has, alas! come to mean fiction, it was inevitable that there should be an 'earnest expectation of the revelation' of the great American novel. But that expectation has hitherto not been met.

Meantime very few, if any, have made serious inquiry for the great American poem. The malevolent star of poetry has long been in the ascendant, and the friends of the muses seemed to have resigned themselves to the idea that the glorious days were gone forever, that the wings of the divine eagle were hopelessly clipped, and that henceforth only short swallow-flights of song could in reason be looked for. But millenniums ago Euripides, and before him Heraclitus, knew that it is the unexpected that happens. Precisely when the groves of Greece seemed forever silent

and deserted of every thick-warbling nightingale, suddenly burst forth the full-throated song of Theocritus. And now, while every one is looking North and East, and wondering when some larger orb of modern fiction shall swim above the horizon, hark! a bold and clear cry is heard from the rim of the world, from the Ultima Thule of culture, from the low-lying mart of New Orleans,

'sub curru nimium propinqui Solis.'

It seems impossible not to recall the words of the Geothean Lynceus:

*'Harrend auf des Morgens Wonne,
Ostlich spähend ihren Lauf,
Ging auf einmal mir die Sonne
Wunderbar im Süden auf.'*

We do not hesitate to say that in 'Tristram and Isoult' Miss Austin has produced *a* great American poem; only in the sense that it has been written by an American, however, for there is in it nothing whatever that is either modern or American. It is indeed singularly lacking in local and temporal qualities; it might as well have been written in Europe or in Asia, a thousand years before or a thousand years after our era. If any one seeks to find in it some resuscitation, some galvanization into momentary life, of old-world or mediæval thought or feeling or mode of expression, as in 'The House of the Wolfings,' he will seek in vain and will lay the book down in sore disappointment. The author has attempted nothing of the kind. She has seized upon the hackneyed mediæval legend—

*'So many and many of old have given my twain
Love and live song and honey-hearted pain.'*

itself the humanization of an ancient myth, as a mere framework upon which to hang her high-wrought musings on the great eternalities of Love and Destiny. She has laid a bold hand upon the plastic material of the twice-told tale, and has moulded it to her will in the towering shapes of Isoult and Tristram, which body forth her conception of a mighty passion, of an overwhelming, overmastering impulse, that has been willed by higher than human power, that overrides all earthly consideration and moves resolutely on to its own self-elected doom of ecstatic death. Hero and heroine are but incorporations of this deep elemental instinct of nature, the interest centres in them entirely, and the other characters are but foils and background. The author has named the hero first in the title, but this is almost the only homage she has yielded to masculinity; for, it is not Tris-

tram, but Isoult, that is her manifest favorite, in whom the divine intoxication is at its height.

The perfect knight is yet a loyal subject, a patriotic son of Cornwall, bearing the weight of the realm upon his shoulders, and willing to surrender even love itself at the bidding of his country. But the soul of Isoult is a flaming brand from the furnace of God and white with indivisible ardor. By this audacious conception the author has lifted her heroine quite out of the region of mundane moralities and compels our wonder and admiration even while sacrificing our sympathy. Isoult is sublimed by her own devotion into an almost supernatural being, true to the heart of the oldest legend, and takes her place not by the side of Phédre, the alltoo-human creation of Racine, but by the side of Phaidra, the august demigoddess of Euripides. If we compare Miss Austin's treatment of these two characters with that of any predecessor, as Gottfried von Strassburg, who, as early as 1210, unfolded the whole legend in a long poem, the eternal boast of the German tongue and the German Muse, as Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, Wagner, Anspacher, its superiority comes out in the strongest light; she has, in fact, ennobled all earlier conceptions even more than the Gaul has debased the Greek idea. Such we take to be the chief achievement of this 'dramatic poem,' the exhibition in Tristram and still more in Isoult of a character of sustained and self-consistent grandeur.

At this point it may be well to sketch briefly the action of the play as it unrolls itself in Miss Austin's verses.

The scene opens in Arthur's palace at Camelot. The two Queens have been watching (Isoult unseen) from a latticed balcony The Last Tournament, which the great Laureate has celebrated. Guinevere congratulates Isoult upon the triumph of the green knight, who has easily overborne all opposition. The two contrast their loves, the one secret, guilty, and ashamed, the other open, avowed, exultant. Tristram, apprized of Isoult's presence, has hastened back and enters—

‘She waited here
Whose eyes should know me when I should be hid
From God on high.’

Isoult explains why she had followed, to witness the tournament:

‘I must be here to take thee in my arms,
The glow still on thee, ere the glory fade,
Or thou cool from the anvil of the strife
Where thou wast hammered hot with many blows,
While I, the woman, catch reflected fire
As doth some little cloud that flieth far

Upon the outer edges of the storm.
Would it were so! I but a cloud to bear
High in the heavens and in all men's sight
The glory burning on my brow, my feet,
My breast!

Hereupon Tristram throws the ruby carcanet, the prize of the tournament, upon her neck. After some further dialogue Tristram discloses that the days of peace are over: Cornwall claims once more his sword. The bodeful Queen exclaims:

'Then I foresee the end—
The end of all—all happiness, all peace.
No thought for me! Arthur has but to speak
Some bloodless sermon; for the cold king lets
A many-rooted duty overrun
His soul, as ivy o'erruns marble.'

Guinevere re-enters, with Arthur and Lancelot. The King, Aurelius of the North, offers Camelot to Isoult in Tristram's absence. But she will not turn back from following after him, though her prophetic soul chills in the shadow of approaching doom. She bids eloquent adieu to Joy and Joyous Garde, the castle of her two years' happiness:

'For when I die my spirit shall set up
Its ghostly monument forever there,
At Joyous Garde—at Joyous Garde! Farewell.'

The next part is played at King Mark's castle of Tintagil. The wily king comes to bring his queen the news of Tristram's victory and speedy return. There follows a brilliant dialogue, in which the soul of Isoult mounts up to its full altitude. The murderous Mark would hurl her from the parapet, but is awed into impotence by her god-like intrepidity:

'Thou wouldst look up out of the flames of hell
And smile defiance in the face of God.
Methinks I see thee like a tall lily
Midst of a bed of red—or like a white,
Indomitable star, that in the fierce
And burning glory of the West shows through
Unquenched. There! I release thee. I will wait—
For God will not endure a pride that shakes
His own omnipotence. I can not teach
Thee fear.'

Isoult.

Not though thou lessonest in what
Thou hast been mastered well.

These majestic lines recall but do not imitate the famous Dantean description of the unconquerable Farinata rising from the burning tomb: 'with breast and brow as held he Hell in high disdain.'

The next scene opens with the harper's song resounding the praise of 'Tristram of Lyonesse.' King and Queen and conquering lover enter the banquet hall. The latter sings the exquisite song of the sea:

'As some sea-mew that's blown
By the wild gust, alone,
From the salt strand
Far inward o'er the land,
Goes crying in its pain,
Lamenting the waste main:
So calls my heart in me
Still yearning for the sea,
Give me the sea again,
Give me the sea!

Or some white fleck of foam
Torn from its ocean home,
As the wave flies,
Falls shorewards then and dies,
Waif of the storm's free reign
Fretting the lawless plain:
So dies my life in me
Set burning for the sea.
Give me the sea again,
Give me the sea!

Mark inquires cunningly

'Dost thou not keep
The sea in sight likewise in Brittany?'

And then under the guise of friendship for Tristram he banishes the hero 'for a term of ten round years' from Cornwall. He then shoots a poisoned arrow into the hearts of the lovers by calling on the lords and ladies to drink a pledge:

'Tristram of Lyonesse
And his Isoult-Isoult of the White Hands.'

But Sir Andred, followed by the astounded courtiers, drinks to

'Tristram of Lyonesse and his Isoult!'

lifting his goblet to the queen. The noble exile accepts his banishment like a loyal knight—

with my obedience I cement
The structure I have raised—

but with words of solemn warning to the 'crafty Mark'.

The next scene opens with the lovers in the deserted banquet hall, looking out upon the moon sinking into the arms of the waiting 'sleepless sea'. The shadow of the nigh-drawn separation lies upon both, but a still more awful penumbra deepens around the taller spirit of Isoult.

'Tristram.

Forget! I go from thee
Into the void of absence like a star,
Thrust from its sphere, that spills his heart in fire
Along the way.

Isoult.

I stay, a rooted star
That burns fixed in one place. It is not all
My fear.'

In the midst of these protestations, as the symbolic gloom gathers around them, the dagger of Mark is sheathed in his nephew's flesh.

Part III. transports us to King Howell's castle in Brittany, where lies the wounded lion tended by Isoult of the White Hands and calling out in his delirium for that other Isoult, the far-away Cornish Queen. Profound pathos reigns through this representation of the loving unloved. Meantime two swift vessels are cleaving the main, bearing the fleeing queen and the pursuing king. The first arrives, Isoult hastens to the side of Tristram, whose fading eyes flicker with the last light of recognition

'Art thou indeed the waking Truth?
I have had dreams that had these hands, this hair.'

The dying warrior-sailor greets her as

'The sea!
The flood that lifts my soul against the stars!'

A short impassioned colloquy, and the knight sinks back in death. Isoult is calmed by the dread presence, she addresses the hero some lines of high-wrought poetry; recalling the fatal voyage of long ago; she takes from her breast the covered flacket filled with the antidote for all mortal pains; she lifts the draught of death to her lips—

Lo, again
I fling my soul with thine into the bowl,
I drink to the marriage of dissolveless Fates,
In Death—as Life—'

She drinks and dies. Meanwhile Mark and his men have made their way to the great doors, have forced them open against the frantic efforts of La Blanche Mains, and Mark rushing in exclaims:

'Is the sick lion cowered in his den?
And our fair queen, the true, the chaste, ha, ha!'

Pointing to the dead, Isoult Blanche Mains replies:

'Here are they. See, we had no power on them,
Nor thou nor I. Love such as theirs, I think
That God himself will scarcely dare to touch.'

With that the curtains falls upon the scene, leaving there, sublimely enthroned, Nature's twin triumphants, Love and Death.

Truly, 'a dramatic poem.' The author has modestly avoided the word 'drama.' With only partial reason. To be sure, drama means deed, and this poem is not so much one of deeds as of situations, though many of these are highly dramatic, as of Isoult and Mark upon the battlements, and the tremendous finale. There is no intrigue, no development, no plot and counterplot, no intricate crossing and interweaving of motives and sub-motives, no by-plays and no surprises. All things move with Aeschylean directness to their predestined end. Tried by the Greek standard, it is certainly a tragic drama, as Aristotle has defined the aim of tragedy: 'through pity and fear to bring about the Catharsis of such passions.' To the lover of the modern stage it may seem more like a succession of brilliant and moving tableaux than like a living drama. For the latter the speeches are rather too long, and the attitudes too stationary. The writer evidently rejoices, and justly, in her own luxury of simile and metaphor. In these her power is altogether extraordinary. The boldness and beauty of her imaginative diction shine out on every page. Often an image is conjured up by some single daring epithet:

'The brittle spears
 Went down before him as when winter breathes
 Upon the mailed boughs
 And range me with the marble women who
 Forever prop the roofs of palaces
 With their numbed arms.'

If, as Schopenhauer affirms, 'All original thinking takes place in pictures,' Miss Austin would seem to bear at least one mark of an original thinker. Greatly, however, as her readers must admire and enjoy this rich poetic gift, we trust she will not let it run riot, but firmly check any tendency toward Oriental luxuriance. Naught over much. Metaphor was made for the Muse, and not the Muse for metaphor. Not that this poem is too tropical. Often the language is scripturesque in simplicity and majesty. The passages already quoted bear ample witness. The unsurpassed culmination, which seems to leave nothing to be desired, is a shining example of Hellenic self-restraint. No Greek chorus ever summed up the whole content of a tragedy of 'stateliest and most regal argument' more justly, more simply, more grandly, more completely.

Here we are led to remark that there is a notable choral feature in this 'dramatic poem.' There are four songs of high and varied merit. One we have already quoted, and referred to a second. And what oceanic surge and swing, what rush and roar of wind and wave, in the song beginning

'Sea-swallow that didst bear her on thy wings
 To old Tintagil, hold of Cornish kings:'

where some, however, may prefer to omit the refrain. Surely this poet has the genuine lyric cry, that may yet make itself heard over long tracts of space and time.

A work of such signal merit,—whereof it is hard to write without enthusiasm, though, to use Miss Austin's own image, we would not crush Tarpeia with a shield of gold, certainly deserves to issue from the press letter-perfect. We regret that such has not been its lot. The proof-reading has been careless, and especially the punctuation detains the reader and at times defies. Thus, page 26, line 15, read *make* for *mark*; page 30, line 8, read *Whom* for *What*; in the third line of the second stanza of the beautiful song on page 51, it seems that *dawn* must be somebody's slip for *morn*; page 62, line 5 from below, read *beside* instead of *before*. Another edition—and let us hope that there will be many another—should remove these blemishes and at the same time mend the pace of several limping lines.

Herewith the question arises, What will be the reception accorded this volume? *Habent sua fata libelli*. We do not forget the wisdom of Pindar, that praise is overtaken by distaste, nor yet would we underrate any earlier American poems, when we rank this latest the very chief. The chord that the poet has struck is not in any kind or degree a popular one; with prevailing tastes and fashion she makes no compromise whatever. This far-and clear-ringing pæan to love she has sung 'out from the lone bosom of the ether,' because her soul made her sing—
If you prefer to have the Homeric hexameter in English, I would metaphorise it thus:

Flaming, because enflamed it the bright-eyed goddess Athena.

and without ever lowering once its high concert pitch. It would be idle to expect any pecuniary reward for such minstrelsy. But is it unreasonable to hope that among over a hundred millions of English speakers there are yet seven thousand left who have not laid aside all delight in such keen bright Alpine air as breathes through the leaves of this modest volume? Surely we trust there is a remnant that will give this poem such just recognition as will encourage the young author to consecrate her genius at the high altar of poesy, leaving to others to worship at inferior fanes. She belongs to no section of our country, but rather to the Anglo-Saxon race. Yet, though her poem was written in New York, she herself is a daughter of the Southland; and how can the South serve herself more faithfully or honor herself more highly than by recognizing and honoring the splendid work of her splendidly gifted child?

A GROUP OF VERSES FROM THE ITALIAN

Translated by Louise W. Kidder

HERE BELOW

BY P. E. BOSI

HERE below the roses fade,
Here below in time all songs are hushed,
I dream of songs and flowers that never die.

Here below the lips grow pale,
Here below in time the kiss grows cold,
I dream of kisses, lips that never change.

Here below do all men weep,
Love and sweetness vain and fleeting are,
I dream of lovers who will never part.

HUMAN ECSTASY

BY E. PEDIO

WHAT a glory of light in the azure sky,
What a warmth in the still, limpid air,
What myriad voices are murmuring nigh,
Mystic voices that vanish in air;
Like litanies that are low-whispered they sound,
Like the tinkling of harps, like an organ profound.

The soul in a bright happy dream-world of love,
Doth cradle itself into sleep;
And it journeys far off in the skies high above,
In the whiteness of clear shining skies.
A poem springs up from the glad heart, and lo!
On the lips it lies trembling, hesitant, slow.

NOCTURNE

BY A. RASSATO

WHEN falls the evening calm I think of thee,
Of thee, child, who are now so far away,
While silent shadows dark encircle me,
And slowly chimes a bell for dying day.
The sky is starless. I can see thine eyes,
How beautiful they are! Thy hands, thy hair!
And when all thoughts are thought, and fancy dies,
I gaze above, and lo! the stars are there!

THEE ONLY

BY J. GIUFFRÉ

LIKE an angel lost I wander night and day,
Now o'er the sleeping hills, now by the sea,
I sing no more of nature in my lay,
For ever do my thoughts return to thee.

To thee alone; and from its golden strings,
To sun and wind and sea and stars above,
The hidden lyre, my heart, divinely sings
The word thou dost not hear—that word is: Love.

MY PRECIOUS SECRET

BY VANJNA DE VELLIO

FAST locked within my heart my secret lies,
To no one have I spoken of my love,
Not to the stars that twinkle in the skies,
Nor to the sun that shines so warm above.

But when I wander thoughtful and alone,
And question sky and stars that gaze on me,
To everything created thou art known,
From firmament to the tempestuous sea.

And lo! the breeze that trembles in the bowers,
The starry firmament, the angry sea,
All whisper with the sweetness of the flowers,
That I love thee and that thou lovest me.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IN these days which it has become trite to call commercial, it is interesting to note how many premonitory signs there are of an awakening in the direction of ideal aims. Such signs are coming thick and fast, especially in the dramatic and musical world.

We hear of New York founding a national theatre to be endowed to the extent of thirty millions, where plays of all times and nations are to be given an adequate representation. In the mean time, while such colossal schemes as this are still in the air, there are quiet, earnest efforts being made to bring plays of value to the attention of the public by such movements as that of 'The Progressive Stage Society' in New York, and of 'The Twentieth Century Club Plays' in Boston.

* * *

THE aims of 'The Progressive Stage Society' are not purely artistic. Their plays are chosen with a view to their bearing upon the social problems agitating a large portion of humanity today. Ibsen and Maeterlinck have been represented by 'The Enemy of the People,' 'The Master Builder' and 'The Death of Tintagiles.' Other plays given have been 'The Escape' and 'The Revolt,' by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, 'The Right to Love,' by Max Nordau. Besides staging plays, lectures upon dramatic subjects

are given by distinguished speakers, notably 'Symbolism as illustrated in Ibsen, Sudermann, Maeterlinck,' 'Bernard Shaw and the Irish Drama,' given by Nathan Haskell Dole, and one by Dr. Rudolf Broda on 'The Modern Proletarian Drama in France.' How closely the movement is affiliated with actual social propaganda of today is shown in a recent announcement of the society as follows:

'In order to extend the influence of our movement and to establish permanent productions, so as to engage, in time to come, our own company of actors and to raise the artistic phase of our presentations, we propose the following plan to other organizations, societies, trade and labor unions.

'The Progressive Stage Society will give benefit performances for any such organization, we to assume all financial responsibilities; no money is to be advanced not to be guaranteed. The expenses of the performance given are to be deducted from the sale of tickets and the profit to go to the organization for whose benefit the performance is given. For information and further details, apply to the president of The Progressive Stage Society.

'The following performances under this new plan have been arranged for:

'Tuesday evening, January 9, '06, at 8.15, under the auspices of the Russian Social Democrats.

'Thursday evening, January 11, '06, at 8.15, under the auspices of Rev. Henry Frank's Congregation.

'Friday evening, January 12, '06, at 8.15, under the auspices of the Workingmen's Publishing Association.

'Saturday evening, January 13, '06, at 8.15, under the auspices of the Women Workers for the defense of the Russian sufferers.'

* * *

'THE Twentieth Century Club' of Boston is continuing the interesting work begun by it last year when the two Gaelic plays 'The Twisting of the Rope,' by Dr. Douglas Hyde, and 'The Riders to the Sea,' by J. M. Synge, were followed by Maeterlinck's 'Sister Beatrice,' and by Ibsen's 'Enemy of the People.' Tolstoi's comedy 'The Fruits of Enlightenment' was given at Jordan Hall on the evening of December 6, 1905. Like most Russian plays it is lacking in dramatic structure, but the character drawing is inimitable, the situations so cleverly managed, and the humor so delicious that the play delights from beginning to end. Though a difficult play to stage on account of the number of the characters and the constant rapid interplay between them, the result under the stage direction of Mr. Archibald Ferguson Reddie was highly satisfactory. Most of the parts were creditably acted and in the case of Tanya, who is the life of the play, Miss Florence White did a wonderfully human and artistic piece of work. Reginald Simpson, in his impersonation of the professor, deeply learned in the science of spiritual-

ism, showed himself on the whole the most subtle and finished actor of the group, partly due, no doubt, to the fact that he has had considerable professional experience, but still more the outcome of unusual histrionic talent. In the third peasant, Mr. Reddie's ability was also shown to fine advantage.

* * *

THE next play given Feb. 22, at Jordan Hall was a drama of ideal poetic beauty, Rostand's 'La Princesse Lointaine,' in English, under the title of 'The Princess Far-away.' It is one of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's plays and has never before been given in this country. The play is a pure love story. The Rudel of history, prince and poet, Browning's Rudel, loves the supreme ideal in the person of the Princess far-away. Rostand makes this ideal the artistic motive of the plot and symbolic of the deep reality and force that is born of the unreal and the dream. A feature of the production was the music. For the two songs sung in the play music had been composed by Margaret Ruthven Lang and between the acts old French troubadour songs of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with harp accompaniment, were sung by Miss Amy Murray.

* * *

THE last play of the season is to be Gilbert Murray's 'Andromache.' In this play Mr. Murray's profound Greek scholarship and artistic sympathy with Greek ideals of beauty are welded together in a result that seems to reproduce the Greece of pre-Athenian days actually before our eyes.

THE committee in charge of these plays has this to say in its recent report of the year's work: 'With regard to this movement for the developing of artistic standards, it might be well to explain that the committee has no desire to compete with professional theatrical performances, and that its mind is not concentrated upon virtuosity, but upon giving as adequate a performance as possible of plays which, on account of their high literary value or because of their failure to meet popular and commercial standards, are seldom if ever produced on the American stage.'

* * *

THESE movements are due to non-professional initiative, but unless we are much mistaken they are already having an effect upon professional stage management. Or has a wave of aspiration struck those of the profession and the layman at the same instant?

However that may be, one of the most interesting examples of development in contemporary stage management in Boston is furnished by the Castle Square Theatre in its revival of Shakespearian plays. In this revival an especial point has been made of the scenery. Of course we have had plenty of Shakespearian revivals with gorgeous scenery, but it has always smacked of the scene painter's art. Such art bears about the same relation to the work of the genuine artist as the commonplace stage play does to the art of Shakespeare or Ibsen. In this instance, however, the scenery is designed by a man well trained in architecture and architec-

tural effects, and an artist to boot, Mr. Frank Chauteau Brown.

* * *

THE first of the series of Shakespeare plays, 'Romeo and Juliet,' for which Mr. Brown designed the scenery, was given last winter, and was included in this Shakespearian repertoire:—'Merchant of Venice,' 'Much Ado,' 'Macbeth,' arranged to be given during the present season. Some description of the 'Romeo and Juliet' setting may serve as an example of methods and effects. While unable, of course, to secure exact historical accuracy in the scenes, by combining present-day Italian effects in architecture and out-door nature with the knowledge to be gathered from ancient buildings still surviving, a remarkably realistic atmosphere has been secured. But this is not all! There was room for invention in the combining of these materials, and here Mr. Brown has shown a true creative instinct and one that is subtly in harmony with the romantic splendor the dramatist has thrown about this early love story.

* * *

THE scenes which come back to us with the most vividness are, first, the ball-room scene, the garden scene and the scene in the tomb. The ball-room was a lofty hall with groined arches, to the left of which was a huge hooded fireplace decorated in the centre by the Capulet coat of arms. The arch at the back was broken by a balcony running its whole width. Underneath the balcony a series of three nobly proportioned arches opened to the distant view of Verona with the

river Adige flowing between distant hills, and above was a series of five smaller arches opening to the sky. Add to the harmonious dignity of these proportions, the brilliant effects of the vari-colored marbles in the columns of the arches, the terra-cotta tone of the panels with their bright stencilled borders, the glow of the fire and the flare of lamps and flambeaus, while beyond through the archways below and above the moonlight illuminates the terrace, and perhaps the imagination of the reader can conjure up some notion of the beauty of this setting.

* * *

THE garden scene was equally beautiful in its own way. The tone of this setting was given by the wisteria vines laden with blossoms which ran riot everywhere, over the house, over the wall, over the pergola, even embowering Juliet's own balcony. This extravagant wealth of blossoms, symbolizing so well the spontaneous fervor of the young lovers, was here and there accented by a somber cypress tree which seemed to cast the shadow of their coming fate.

* * *

THE most impressive setting of all was the tomb scene. Here again are lofty groined arches, but intersecting each other at such angles that one caught glimpses of mysterious shadowy vistas through the dimly lighted columns. This scene was also characterized by rich and varied harmony of coloring, the ground tone of which was furnished by an old very rough brick, shading from almost a yellow to almost a black through warm tints

of terra-cotta and dull red. Some of the columns were of this, some of marble, some of lime stone. Again upon the wall or the arched ceiling there were patches of yellow plaster with splotches of brown or green grey. The tombs were of red, yellow or green marble, which gleamed out in contrast to the dark foreground, while through small windows high up in the background sifted the pale moon light. The splendor and the decay inherent in the Renaissance movement seemed symbolized here, and here, fittingly, Juliet—one of its crushed flowers—lay on a magnificent bier shrouded in purple draperies.

* * *

THIS new departure on the part of the Castle Square Theatre—though certainly not without precedent in English theatres and elsewhere—brings us face to face with the other latter day tendency—to revive Shakespeare and other early dramatists with something approaching, or at least attempting, archæological exactitude in stage setting, such as that adopted by the Ben Greet Company in their Shakespearian plays this winter. The main advantage of Mr. Greet's method of staging the plays is in the swift continuity of action secured by having the one 'setting' all through the play, so doing away with the waits between the acts. Mr. George Turner Phelps, in a letter to the *Boston Transcript*, well describes the charm to be derived from this sort of a presentation.

* * *

'INSTEAD of growing monotony of chance sequences to scatter interest

and finally to destroy attention, while there is no sense of obtruding plan or of artificiality, there comes an inevitable effect of definite expectance, of cumulation and completion, of a well-knit, visible whole which at length passes from sight as a rounded, satisfying bit of life.

'Once caught, this sense of swift-moving procession destroys any feeling of confusion from intershredded plot and sub-plot. Emphasis falls through the eye where it should to the intelligence. Less important scenes look subordinate. Ideas hinted and suggested in scattered bits gleam into continuous wholes as strands of color appearing again and again are seen combined in the completed pattern of woven texture. In fact, deliberately (if he thought about it at all) instinctively, since, while never pictorial, he is supreme theatrist, Shakespeare counted upon ever-shifting animate sculpture as his visible means of producing effects upon his audience, an art whose units were individually picturesque in line and color to be sure, yet quite independent of place and time.

'Shakespeare's characters, his ideas, even his poetry, may be transferred to our stage, may be translated into modern picture form, but Shakespeare, the artist, can never be known in the modern theatre. Both pictures and sculpture have fundamental principles in common, may express the same emotion and produce the same effect, but a sculptured play can never be presented by pictorial means. Mr. Savage's "Parsifal" (save where it overlooked or contradicted Wagner's

directions), Mr. Orleneff's "Ghosts," Mr. Greet's "Julius Cæsar" produced one and the same effect by common principles followed (spite of the impossible) in three contrary ways. Shakespeare the artist was a modern of the moderns. In our day he would doubtless have practiced the art of our own theatre. Whatever else may be due Mr. Greet, we owe him a debt of gratitude for a glimpse of Shakespeare in his own art.

'In modern translation Shakespeare may be a "joy forever" for many reasons, but not as a Shakespeare play. In the original, "The play's the thing," not as means "wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king" (even though we be ruled by insatiate thirst to "elevate"!), but indeed the supreme delight, the spell of the artist summoning his own creation before our very eyes.'

* * *

IN the musical world, the developments most interesting to a thoroughbred American is the constantly growing interest in the possibilities of the American composer, and a desire to give him greater chances to be heard than he has had before. The American Music Society opened its season with a concert of American compositions. The program was arranged with a view to giving a historical glimpse at musical development in America. The far-back days were represented by Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791), Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864), George F. Root (1820-1895). Contemporary music by Arthur Foote in a quartette for Piano and Strings, songs by Ethelbert

Neven, George W. Chadwick, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Horatio Parker and a quintette for Piano and Strings by Arne Oldbeg. The early songs were charmingly simple and melodious, and entirely innocent of any distinctively American flavor. Arthur Foote's Quartette, Opus 23, is well written and brilliant—a most agreeable composition to listen to—but with little aspirations towards modernism of any kind. The same thing was true of the remaining songs except Kelley's 'Eldorado,' which is certainly modern, original and effective, but only time can tell whether it strikes a truly national mood. The quintette by Mr. Oldberg, was a beautiful composition. Fundamentally classic in form, his themes are handled with a romantic richness of development that keeps one constantly wondering at the wealth of his imagination. His music has content, too, joy and aspiration flow out through his imagination. One felt in listening to this composition that he was not trying to do something original, that he did not go afield seeking queer harmonic combinations to be pinned onto his themes like floral wreaths upon a statue. The ornamentation was organic exfoliation, unfolding and illuminating the inner design. Certainly, here is the promise of a great composer. Is he distinctively American? Probably most critics would immediately dub him as under strong classical influence, merely because his quintette had the usual quota of movements with the usual lines of development. But unless we are much mistaken he has married to his classic

form a fertility of invention, a largeness of mood, a power of transmuting content into pure form which might well be the dower of any American composer, who, in his soul, loved such an American as Whitman pictures when he says:

'The measured faiths of other lands,
the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of
thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing
comprehending all,
All eligible to all.'

* * *

At the club meetings of this society during the winter many original examples of American composition have been performed. Especial interest attaches to the use some of the younger composers are making of Indian, Negro and even Spanish themes. The possible relation of such folk-lore as we possess to American composition is still undecided, as most of the music using the folk-lore as thematic material is in an experimental stage, yet it must be said that such harmonizations and developments of Indian themes as have been made by Arthur Farwell suggest great possibilities in this direction. Whatever may come in the line of development can not come by attending to the letter of the Indian or the Negro folk song, it can only come by entering its spirit as in our opinion Mr. Farwell, alone of the composers who have used this material, thus far has succeeded in doing.

FOR the benefit of those of our readers who have not yet heard of 'The American Music Society,' we print its prospectus.

* * *

'ON April 20th, 1905, the cause of American Music received a new and vital impulse through the organization of the American Music Society, in Boston. The avidity with which this event has been seized and commented upon in many quarters shows how ready is the country for such a movement, and gives us a foretaste of the thought and activity which will be awakened when the work of the society shall be fairly begun. Musical writers with comments, music lovers with membership fees, composers with works printed and in manuscript, singers with voices, all are coming forward, bidden and unbidden, at the spectacle of the first organization in America to enact the role of fairy godmother to the Cinderella of American music.

'The society has been organized by thirty-two founders, men and women of broad and various interests, capable of guiding and maintaining disinterestedly, with the help of the council of the society, a broad art movement which shall direct the technical power of the professional musician

into the furtherance of the society's large aims. Among them are names of national and still broader prominence in the fields of ideal thought and endeavor.

'As partially mapped out for next year, the work of the society will consist in seven monthly meetings, one of which is to be a fall concert, the series closing with a spring concert on a larger scale. At the members meetings, different phases of American music will be taken up, representative works given, and papers read or discussions held. While the society recognizes, in its broad view of American musical history as a whole, the weight of the period of Germanic influence, it will incline its work toward the periods of transition and independence, as representing the more vital need of the time. Nothing, however, bearing on the birth and development of American music will be necessarily excluded from its program of work, which will aim at the truest and broadest possible analysis and representation of the situation. The secretary of the society is John P. Marshall, Boston University, Boston, Mass., who will be glad to send, upon request, such literature of the society as is already published. Resident, non-resident, and life memberships, also endowments are invited.'

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

STILL LATE

THIS *Spring Number* is still almost two months behind the schedule, but it is somewhat consoling to know that we have made up some of the lost time and the *Summer Number* will certainly appear promptly in June. After that we count on clear sailing. We want to thank you all for being so patient. The good things in the contents of this issue and succeeding numbers will, we hope, give you evidence of our appreciation of your courtesy.

* * *

GORKI'S NEW PLAY

The play in the *Summer Number* will be Gorki's *Children of the Sun*, at once his latest and most powerful piece of work. This with the other features planned will make this issue particularly noteworthy.

* * *

THE PRIZE COMPETITION

Owing to the delay in the publication of the *Winter Number* many who desired to submit poems in our prize competition learned of the contest only after March 31st, the date of its close. We have therefore, decided to extend the time until June 30 1906. The full conditions follow.

\$100 for a Poem

In order to stimulate the production of contemporary poetry, POET LORE will pay \$100 for the best poem containing not less than four or more than sixty-four lines, received by June 30, 1906.

This prize poem will become the property of POET LORE, and be printed in its issue for autumn 1906.

The judges will be the editors of POET LORE.

Rules

1. Each manuscript must be typewritten.
2. No poem will be considered if it has previously appeared in print, either as a whole or in part.
3. Each poem must be signed by a pen name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope, which shall contain a duplicate copy of the poem, giving the author's own name and address, and \$3.00 in payment of one year's subscription to POET LORE.

4. Stamps must be enclosed if the return of rejected poems is desired.

Address all letters and manuscripts,

POET LORE, Prize Competition,

194 Boylston Street, Boston.

* * *

INDEX FOR 1905

A complete index for 1905 (volume XVI) has been prepared and will be forwarded on application.

* * *

TRISTRAM AND ISOULT

To such of our readers as may become interested in this book through Professor Smith's review we should be glad to send a copy for \$1.00 postpaid, with the privilege of returning, *after reading*. If we were not very sure that Miss Austin's poem was in every way worthy of Mr. Smith's most complimentary article we should neither have printed the article itself or made this offer.

Poet Lore

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While all possible care is taken of manuscripts the editors cannot hold themselves responsible in case of loss. All contributions will receive careful consideration. Translations of noteworthy foreign plays and original essays on subjects of literary importance are especially desired.

Address all correspondence to

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